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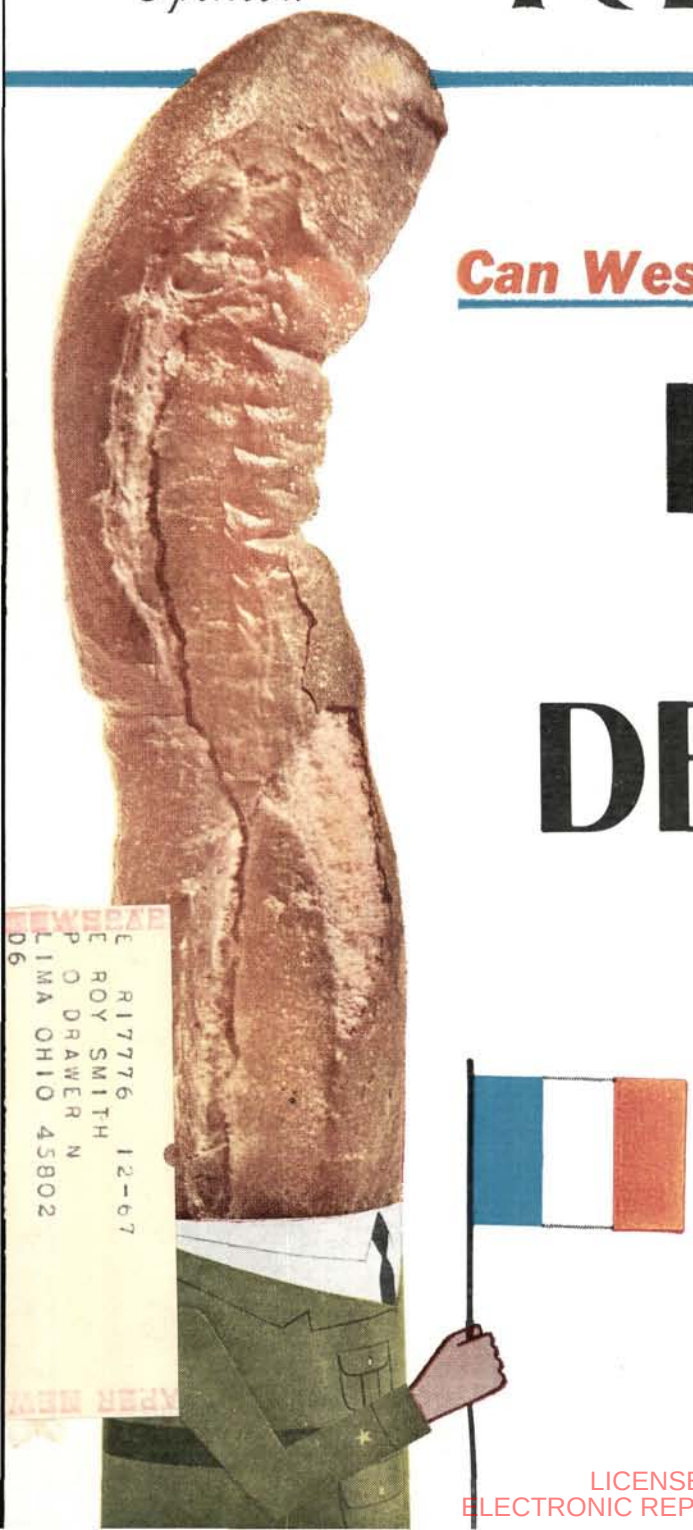
JANUARY 25, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion



Can Western Unity Be Restored?

FRANCE AFTER DE GAULLE

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Also In This Issue:

LYNDON JOHNSON'S GRAB FOR POWER BY PYRRHO ♦ MEDICARE & THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC BY SUSAN HUCK ♦ ALSO REVIEWS BY G. F. ELIOT, SIR SHANE LESLIE, CHAMBERLAIN, RICKENBACKER

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In This Issue . . .

→ Mr. **William Schlamm** informs us that, on December 5 last, the gas went out of Gaullism, whatever Gaullism is. France having been returned to normalcy, de Gaulle has defeated himself. Mr. Schlamm, well-known to our readers, lives in Zurich and is, as ever, busy writing brilliant and combustible books. . . . **Pyrrho** pauses to analyze the character of Lyndon Johnson, and comes as near to success as anyone has done. He is a doer (LJB, that is); a doer without charisma, who awaits a historical opportunity to unite all his strengths. Meanwhile, the internal constitutional order, Pyrrho observes, is coming apart, and something will have to happen, something of heroic national inconvenience, before the American community unites again. In outside life Pyrrho is a Washington political and economic consultant, and comes intimately by his knowledge. . . . **Susan Huck** is, by another name, a professor of geography, a traveler of experience and a political analyst of merry perspicuity. On a tour of the Caribbean she paused recently in the Dominican Republic to observe the extant lunacies there, and has written a satire on the patient.

→ **James Burnham** takes the long view, as ever, of the blackout and the transit crises in New York City, whose results are hardly imaginable to those fortunate enough not to have been dominated by it in recent days. . . . **Wm. Buckley Jr.** writes ungently about Kenneth Tynan, whose obscenity coyly dropped over BBC has made him an international talking-point. . . . **Frank Meyer** files his surrebuttal on the question of Abraham Lincoln, and whether he is or isn't a hero of American constitutional development. The question, barring a tumultuous demand, at least temporarily, closed.

→ **George Fielding Eliot,** the profound military strategist, is an acute historian who believes that the venerable Gen. Fuller has misread the nature of the imperatives that propelled Julius Caesar across the Rubicon. He finds a parallel between Rome's dilemma and our own in the Pacific. . . . **John Chamberlain** reviews a book about the bureaucracy and its habits by Professor Gordon Tullock, and revisits his own, blessedly brief, experiences with the bureaucracy during WW II. Mr. Chamberlain, among our oldest pals and mentors, continues to thrive as a syndicated columnist. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon** does us, once again, the favor of definitively reviewing a number of s-f books and, as ever, demonstrating in his own reviews how the finest and most sensitive minds are attracted to the genre. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker,** who will shortly publish a readable and important book about silver, dwells on gold, and the deficient appreciation thereof by an economist who served with the Treasury under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and has now written a book on international monetary management. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie,** needless to say, knew practically all the people involved in the Dilke scandal, around which a Broadway play is based, and concludes that the truth is not only unknown, but very likely unknowable, and that there is plenty in the story to tease the imagination.→

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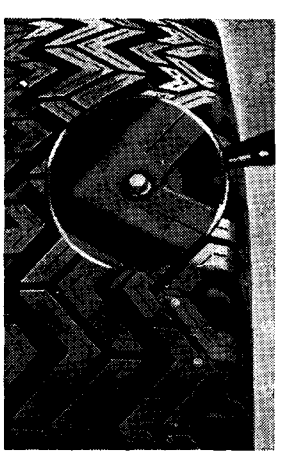

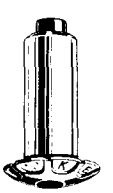

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TO THE EDITOR

Pro Barth

In Jeffrey Hart's otherwise excellent essay on C. S. Lewis [Dec. 28] one unpardonable sin is committed. In linking Barth's name with Bultmann's as examples of "anti-historical approaches to the Gospels," Hart blandly categorizes two theologians who have consistently been at war on this very issue! Barth has argued against Bultmann's "de-mythologizing" process time and again, and one does not have to read every volume of his *Church Dogmatics* to prove it; here, for example, is Barth discussing Pilate's place in the Apostle's Creed:

"[The Passion] did not take place in Heaven or in some remote planet or even in some world of ideas; it took place in our time, in the center of the world-history in which our human life is played out. . . . The Incarnation of the Word is an extremely concrete event, in which a human name may play a part. God's Word has the character of the *hic et nunc*. . . . God was not ashamed to exist in this accidental state. To the factors which determined our human time and human history belong, in virtue of the name Pontius Pilate, the life and Passion of Jesus as well. We are not left alone in this frightful world. Into this alien land God has come to us. . . ."

Is this an example of Barth's "deliberate turning away from the historical question," or is Hart thinking of the Barth who exists only in his imagination?

Ithaca, N.Y. THOMAS WERGE
Department of English
Cornell University

Bozell in Vermont

Congratulations to L. Brent Bozell for his article "Dialogue in Vermont" [Dec. 14]. As students at St. Michael's College who attended the lectures, we feel that his article is an accurate summation of what transpired at the conference. In view of the "open-mindedness" of the conference we only regret that the points Mr. Bozell made in his article were not allowed to be brought up during the "question and answer" period.

Winooski, Vt. WILLIAM A. RIDOLFI
THOMAS G. COSTELLO

Re Welfare and Riots

I have just read "Watts and the Welfare Riot" on the editorial pages of the Dec. 14 NATIONAL REVIEW. I do hope that you can persuade your editorial writer not to be so flippant. The problems are much more complicated than he seems to believe. ➔

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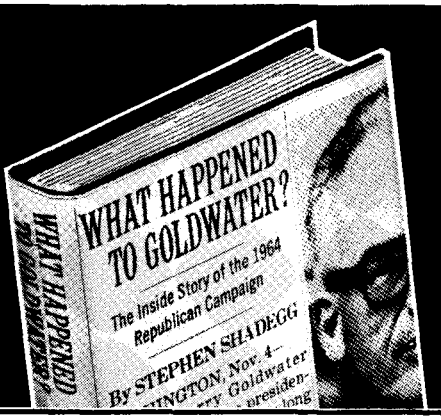

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Shadegg has worked in 13 Republican Senatorial races, found Goldwater much the most effective and cooperative campaigner. But as the time for a decision drew near, Shadegg sensed a deep uneasiness in his old friend. Once a candidate, Goldwater seemed a changed man. His easy good humor almost vanished. The burdens of his new role pressed down on him. Men around Goldwater saw the sacrifice he was making. He loved the Senate, only went for the big job because millions of us begged him to.

Shadegg traces Goldwater's whole career for background, reviews the '64 primaries, really zeroes in on the campaign months. He makes you privy to scores of significant events never reported till now. He discusses over 600 key people in the Goldwater campaign—people you yourself may have worked with – and he records with a most unpolitical candor his views on many key figures in the Goldwater high command:

The Secret Meeting of September, 1963. Scheduled to attend: Goldwater, William Buckley, Brent Bozell, Dr. Charles Kelley. Surprise (and uninvited?) guests: Denison Kitchel and William Baroody – who, Shadegg maintains, were by now the new palace guard eager to keep Goldwater away from his old advisors. The story, leaked to the *Times*, reported that the Goldwater-for-President movement had "just repelled a boarding party from the forces who supposedly occupy the narrow territory to the right of the Arizona Senator". Who leaked the story? Shadegg lines up the clues.

New Hampshire. 5 ways to lose a primary. Peter O'Donnell's prophetic words. Dishonesty on TV: the infamous film clip by the Lodge forces. Raymond Moley's shrewd counsel.

Rus Walton's Startling Survey – another exclusive in these pages. Amazing index of American voters' political naivete. (Only 10% found LBJ too Liberal – while 4% found Goldwater too Liberal!) Survey also shows gut issues that really stir voters, points up rich opportunities for conservatives.

The "Think Tank" on the 3rd Floor. How they kept Goldwater isolated. Bitter battle between the Think Tank and farm-belt Goldwaterites: Think Tank wins – and Goldwater loses every farm state.

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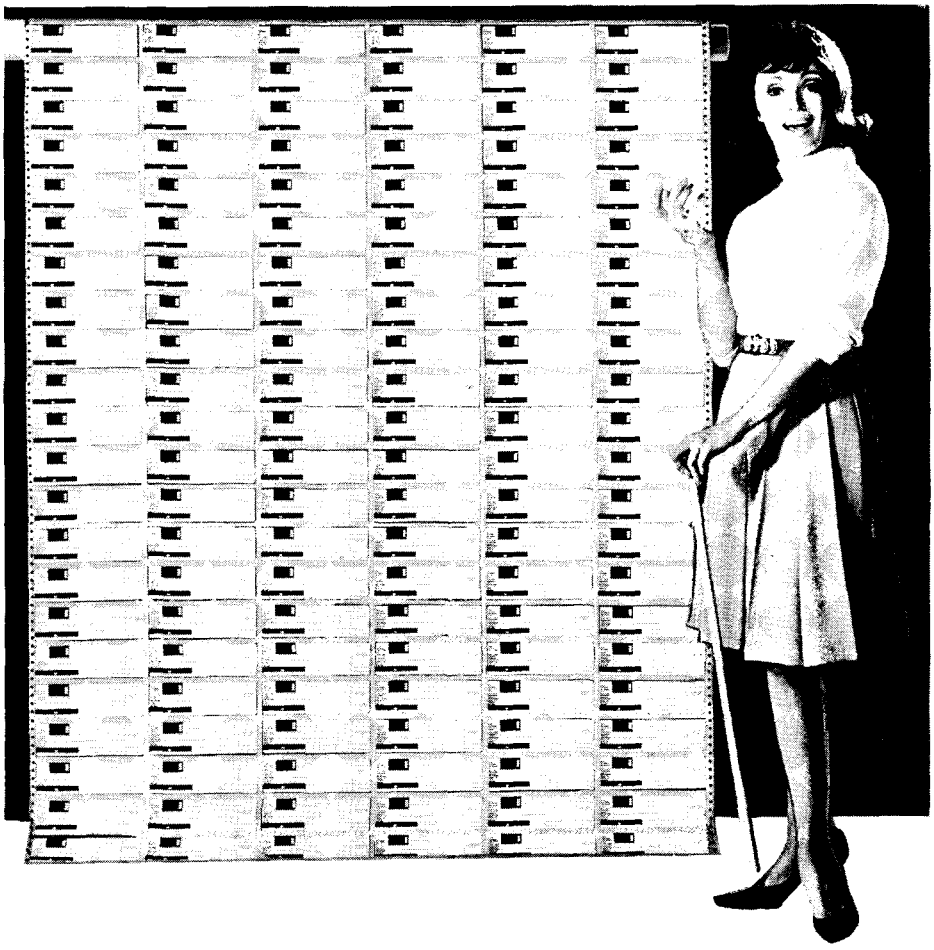

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Your writer is correct in that he infer that we are just throwing money at th problems. That we are. But to infer tha after we throw it, the average Watt Negro will be "the guy who's got every thing" is wrong.

Please ask your editorial writer t think a little longer before he writes, an gives discredit to NATIONAL REVIEW whic I love.

Los Angeles, Cal. LOUISE E. DOUGHERT

Bioaesthetics

As you well know, any writer loves hi phrases, and takes badly to having ther hatched in foreign nests and attribute to strange foster parents.

When Aloise B. Heath in the Novem ber 30 issue decided that Francis Russel was the only NATIONAL REVIEW contribu tor who was totally Grown Up becaus he once remarked in a review tha Brigitte Bardot's navel was "totally un distinguished" my ears perked up. dove deep in my files, and came up with a copy of *Relaxing with Nationa Review*. There on page 82 I found a copy of the review of the book she mentioned, with the phrase underneath my name.

Alas, I have never met Mrs. Heath and I feel totally unprepared to reply to her questions. True, the criteria are vague, as she points out. But there is just so damned much research necessary so many bases—in a manner of speaking —to be touched.

However, I am grateful for what I assume to be her volunteering for co operation in what is certainly the most neglected area of bioaesthetics.

Cleveland Hts., Ohio GEORGE MANN

Kennedy as Medici

Victor Lasky never disappoints and is at his expected petulant, parochial best reviewing Sorensen's book on President Kennedy [Nov. 16]. Surely a reasonable mind could have found sounder and more valid grounds on which to criticize

(Continued on p. 85)

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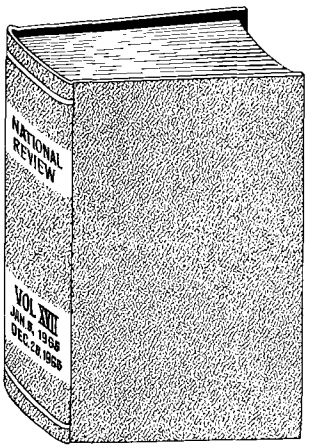

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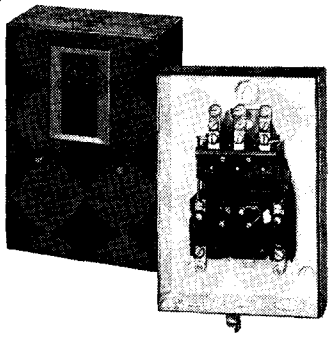

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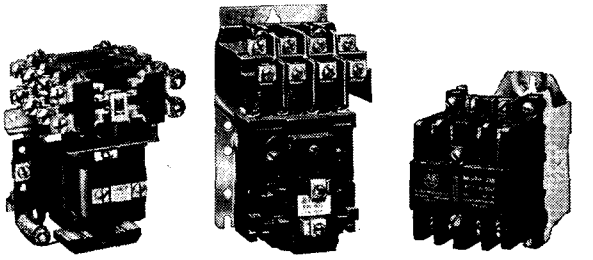

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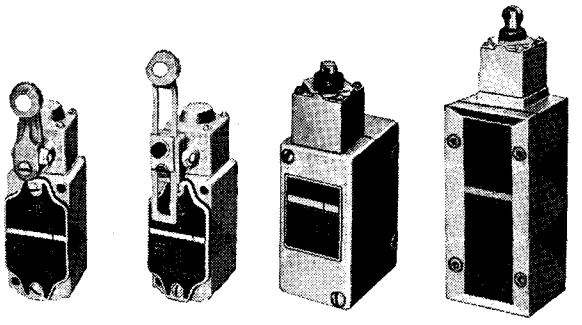

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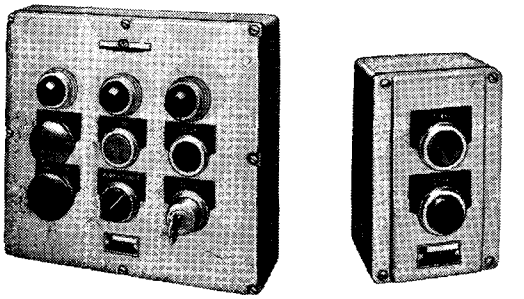

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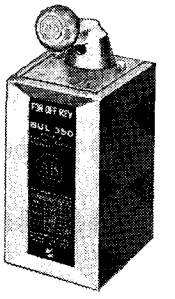
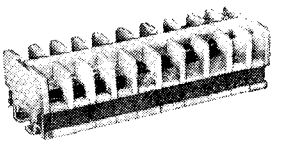


BULLETIN 350 manual reversing drum switches are for starting and reversing motors up to 2 hp. Removal of wrap-around cover exposes terminals for easy wiring. Easy changeover from "spring return" to "maintained contact operation," or vice versa. The Bulletin 350 will provide extra sales appeal for any machine on which it is mounted.



BULLETIN 1492 terminal blocks feature the Style C, 600 volt blocks, and the Style F, 300 volt blocks. All mount on the same channel. Made of tough white nylon and available with a variety of terminals. Blocks can be furnished in timesaving factory assembled 6-foot lengths. Just count off the number of blocks needed, and snap them off. Channel breaks cleanly without sawing or filing.

A-B

ALLEN-BRADLEY

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

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The WEEK

● The Ripon Society, which is the Free Speech Movement within the GOP, has been advertising its wares in the classified columns of the *Nation,* which is the Free Lunch Movement within American journalism just this side of the Marx-on-the-rocks crowd, to no one's particular surprise, since the *Nation,* the nation's oldest journal of adamantine leftism, backed Lindsay, hero of Ripon, for Mayor.

● The question Frenchmen had been asking since Dec. 19 was, who would hold what portfolio in de Gaulle's second-term cabinet? The rumor was floated that André Malraux would be dropped, which took the headlines but didn't happen. The rumor was floated that Michel Debré, de Gaulle's first premier, would be reinstated. He was, as a sort of super-minister, in charge of a consolidated economic ministry. This meant the bouncing of Giscard d'Estaing, the Finance Minister whose policies had managed to irritate businessmen, laborers, union leaders, farmers, and white collar workers, while keeping France's boom booming. What de Gaulle has done is a) to indicate to the above-mentioned segments of the population that he is with them and b) to muddy up the question of succession. With two of his premiers now in the cabinet who is to say which is the Dauphin?

● The Georgia legislature is being accused, by the customary accusers, of racism for having refused to seat Julian Bond, a Negro newly elected. The charge dissolves in the light of the fact that six Negro members were seated without challenge. The ground offered in rejecting Bond was his extremist agitation (undenied) against support of the Vietnam war. We sympathize with the legislators' sentiment, and we uphold the constitutional doctrine that a legislature has the right, and the sole right, to determine the qualifications of its members. But the existence of a right does not prove the propriety of using it in every circumstance, and we believe the Georgians made in this case an imprudent use. The nation is not legally at war. A legislature is not a home or a social gathering. If Bond is not a traitor, criminal or Communist—no evidence was offered to that effect—and was fairly and properly elected, he should sit. To exclude him for the expression of views, no matter how abhorrent, is a step toward the totalitarian concept of political rule.

● With the indictment of Bobby Baker, the year 1966 starts out brightly and the honor of the Government looks slightly less blotched. During the years when this young man was what Lyndon Johnson called "my strong right arm" in the Senate, Baker amassed a respectable fortune ($1-2 million), made thousands of friends, and assembled a team of handsome cheerleaders. The team broke up: Elly back to Germany, divorce, and ignominy; Carole to obscurity, whining self-justifications, and accidental death in a low-flying aircraft. Johnson loftily disowned his strong right arm, the friends ratted, one potential witness died accidentally in Miami, and only the money remained, Bobby's wonderful money, the kind of millions only Washington can pour into the hands of greed. Now to court, and a jury trial, to test whether Bobby Baker, or any of his friends of fortune, can survive the light of day. Half of the Senate and all the White House are running for cover.

● The Democratic and Republican national committees have filed their financial reports for 1965, showing a continuation of the trend that became so remarkable during the Goldwater campaign. The Democrats are the fat cat party, the GOP the party of the average citizen, at least fund-wise. The Democratic National Committee received 90 per cent of its contributions in checks of $100 or more; the GOP 25 per cent. Most of the GOP contributions were in gifts of $10 or less; most of the Democrats' in gifts of $1,000 or more.

● Ronald Reagan's candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California has got off to a hot start. The incumbent governor has charged him with fraud (Reagan had praised the Los Angeles climate). A national television reporter tongue-twisted him into a superficial contradiction. The press made a federal case out of Reagan's skill as a public performer (with the terrible implication that he isn't just being himself when he's campaigning, because he's cam*paign*ing). Modern Democrats accuse him of failing to attack fellow Republicans. California, here we come!

● J. Edgar Hoover's annual report to the Attorney General on the past year of FBI work puts the government once again on notice that the Communist Party is alive and kicking. Its membership is up 10 per cent or more, Hoover says, from the 10,000 reported a year ago (probably an underestimation), and recruiting activity has been greatly encouraged by recent Supreme Court decisions. The Party has been riding the wave of youthful unrest, taking especially active roles in last year's March on Washington, International Days of Protest, National Anti-War Convention, Summer Action Project, and other demonstrations aimed at U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam. Though Hoover doesn't say so, it is likely that the

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anti-Vietnam campaign will remain the Party's chief effort in 1966.

● Senator Wayne Morse, the wags say, is going to be put in charge of committee work on foreign aid. That's like putting Cassius Clay in charge of protocol, John Lindsay of urban transport, Lyndon Johnson of foreign policy. But there's a certain backward brilliance in the idea, giving us pause. Wayne Morse will cut foreign aid as if it were a Humphrey speech. That will be *his* responsibility, no one else's. That will leave several billions available that would otherwise have been spent on societies that are neither Great nor registered to vote in the U.S. Add one more stanza to the porcine epic of the Potomac.

● The House Committee on Un-American Activities is, for whatever reason, not these days in the directest line of fire by the forces of you-know-what, perhaps because they tired of the exercise, perhaps because HUAC has not greatly inconvenienced them lately. But here and there, to remind us that their judgment is not by any means equilibrated, one hears a ritual blast, and we nominate for the annals of social and historical slovenliness the following from Miss Inez Robb (rendered in the course of declaiming against HUAC for not lynching the—highly lynchable—witnesses from the KKK who have been taking the 5th): "It doesn't take a long memory to recall when the Fifth Amendment was a red flag to the House Un-American Activities Committee and the misbegotten witness who sought its shelter was publicly hung, drawn and quartered. Those were the days when committee wrath could devour an unfortunate wretch who had attended even a single meeting of a Communist club in his campus years, or could drive from the academic world a professor who believed that acquaintance with the works of Marx and Lenin was part of his job." Ho hum. Will any professor who fits the last category please contact this office? $10,000 reward.

● No less a worthy than Premier Hastings Banda of Malawi has gone on record against the Peace Corps, or those of its members in his country who, he complains, drink, sleep, live, politick and otherwise consort with his subjects in unseemly ways, and dress like slobs besides. Dr. Banda considers such conduct unbecoming to the Peace Corps mission, but we've heard it all before. What else can you expect from the average eager young American who, after a lifetime spent in the jungles of New York and Boston, finds the challenges of civilization in Zamba a bit hard to absorb? People like Dr. Banda must learn to understand.

● With narcotics addiction in Great Britain sharply up, a government-sponsored committee of physicians and pharmacologists, having first satisfied itself that no significant traffic in stolen or smuggled drugs exists, has fingered "a very few doctors" whose unrestricted right to prescribe has pumped a surplus of narcotics into circulation. While it is probably too early to try to guess whether this signals the end of the permissive phase of British narcotics policy, the "no pusher, no recruits" theory has definitely been discredited. In a monitoring report, an American team from the *Medical Tribune* noted that heretofore most British addicts supported a solitary habit which did not threaten contagion. Their conclusion: "The favorable situation in Britain (until now) was the cause and not the effect of liberal theories on the subject."

● A propaganda picture booklet published in Hanoi and distributed on the campuses of U-Cal depicts the U.S. imperialist aggressor bandits and their puppets gloating over the bloodbucketeering even while being wiped up by the downright, upright, forthright chin-ups of the People's Liberation Army. Gory bore.

● Burp went the Soviet computer and out tumbled the name Olga Batanogova, mother of ten, suitable candidate for the USSR's "heroine mother" medal which was in due course pinned on her pulsating chest. What the computer didn't know and an enterprising reporter dug up was that Olga's ten had ten different fathers (none of which Olga wed); eight of them were in orphanages; two neglected and starving, and Olga's child-support moneys had been spent on, hic, vodka. *Vashasderovia,* anyone?

● British physicians, studying the medical record of George III, have concluded that he wasn't insane after all. Just a premature anti-colonialist.

No Dice

There is a good deal to be said for the thesis that mass democracy breeds courage out of a political system (political courage, that is; personal courage is another matter). To be politically successful in a democracy, a man has got to get the votes; and in a mass democracy—especially as it moves close to the equalitarian one-man-one-vote norm—the way to get the votes, generally speaking, is to truckle to the voters: perhaps more exactly, to those who can deliver big blocs of voters. Now, truckling to the voters—to the masses, to mass-man—is not a habit that stiffens the backbone. So those political aspirants whose backbones resist truckling are, through the continuing electoral process, gradually filtered out of the system, like a variety of maggot that has no nose for carrion.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Guns or butter? Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, the ADA, and other butterballs favor cutbacks in the war effort if it interferes with the Great Society. So far, LBJ seems to think he can finance both guns and butter by invoking the aphrodisiac mysteries of the New Economics. Hence the talk about $115 billion budgets and $14 billion war supplementals. Look for an increase in deficit financing, justified as necessary economic stimulation. To calm public apprehension, the President is likely to attempt a full gamut of budgetary tricks, including switches from appropriated to revolving funds, massive sales of stockpiles and other assets, etc. Indications are that there won't be an election-year tax boost—at least not before November. Capitol Hill is talking of the possibility that LBJ will attempt to poop along until November, then—after the elections—call an emergency session of Congress to raise taxes to finance what will already have been committed to the war in Vietnam.

◆ What Congress will do about Vietnam is a question mark, but it is certain that there will be more of a debate than last year. One reason is that, for the first time, mail on Vietnam is heavy. "Mothers' mail" is flooding Congress, and there is a rise of neo-isolationist sentiment—not to be confused with Vietnik mail, which is still sparse—noted in congressional correspondence. Constituents are troubled, and it is apparent that the President has been no Winston Churchill in rallying the public to the war effort. Many letters to Congress refer to Korea, and to fears that once again American soldiers will be sacrificed for something less than victory.

◆ Mike Quill's "public-be-damned" transit strike kills any chance of repealing 14(b) this year: that is the view in Washington. It was only yesterday, it seems, that Sen. Jack Javits explained his opposition to 14(b) by saying that the nation "has entered upon a new era of union leadership and responsibility"; Congress won't hear much talk of that sort this year. The National Right to Work Committee is prepared to do battle again. The assumption was that 14(b) would be the first order of business, but this is no longer expected. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield has already announced that the "Wild Rivers bill" will come first, and when asked about George Meany's demand that 14(b) take priority, Mansfield answered: "George Meany will find in 1966, as he found out in 1965, that Mike Mansfield runs the Senate." Congress has enough on its docket without a filibuster over 14(b), and the Right-to-Work "extended debate" team is stronger this year than last. Thirty-seven senators are committed, even unto filibuster, and this includes young Byrd of Virginia, who will be able to give more active support than his aging father. For the conspiratorial-minded, who fear a "deal" between Dirksen and LBJ (trading Right-to-Work for reapportionment) there is this fact: over 40 states have already reapportioned their legislatures, or are in the process of doing so; Senator Dirksen knows the reapportionment issue is dead. It is George Meany who wants—and needs—a deal, not Dirksen. Meany won't get it.

◆ Rep. James Harvey (R., Mich.), whose militant opposition sank the rent supplement program last year, now indicates he may vote for it. This bizarre turnabout is one of several curiosities that have surrounded this program since its debut. Last summer, Chairman Wright Patman of the House Banking and Currency Committee was so upset by Harvey's powerful minority report that he took steps unprecedented in House history. A mysterious committee print entitled "Correction of Misleading and False Statements Concerning Rent Supplement Program Made in Minority Report on the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1965" was widely distributed to rebut the GOP. The print was extraordinary in several ways: It lacked the customary letter of transmittal and signatures (no name appears in the entire document); its appearance astonished the committee Democrats, who knew nothing about it; and it impugned the integrity of the minority; in language that gravely transgressed traditional congressional courtesy. The only plausible explanation was that it was printed upon Patman's ukase, after being written in the bureaus. The issue is still smoldering and is given an outside chance of blocking the program again this session.

—CATO

If the Mayor of New York had shown himself a man of political courage, or if the Governor of New York had, or the President of the United States, the first weeks of January might have been a turning point in our domestic history, and the New York transit strike might have become known as the event through which our citizens as individuals and our community began their recovery of rights and liberties long lost or stolen. How, indeed, could we ask for an occasion more apt than this to reassert the claims of the citizens and the community? The strike was in direct violation of the law (the Condon-Wadlin Act)—open, contemptuous violation as symbolized when Mike Quill on a TV program tore up the court order enjoining the strike. Quite apart from law, a huge modern city, if it is to remain alive, cannot permit a shutdown of its mass transit facilities, which are necessary to its very existence. The strike has imposed an almost incredible financial loss on the city and nearly every one of its inhabitants—most notably in the poorer strata who are most dependent on the mass transit system and least able to sustain temporary financial loss. And there was a full range of physical hardships. ➔

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There is good reason to believe, and we have been in touch with several members of the union, that many transit workers—especially the conductors, dispatchers and the switchmen (who had, as a matter of fact, withdrawn from union membership though, thanks to the coercion of our labor laws, not from union jurisdiction)—were not only opposed to the strike but prepared to go on working. On the first two mornings, entire train crews reported; they were paid and sent home. (And there are 150 qualified motormen on the civil service lists, aching for jobs.)

What was required, and what was lacking, was a man, just one man in one of the three key seats of authority—New York, Albany, Washington—with enough political courage to say: this strike is not only an outrage but an absurdity: the wheels will roll. Naturally there would have been immense difficulties and troubles (though, God knows, it is hard to imagine how there could have been as many as the unchallenged strike brought). But the task was not impossible. Practically every American male can drive a bus, or could learn well enough in a day or two. The National Guard and the Army, aiding the police, are not only adequate for protection but have their own units possessed of the skills needed for trains as well as buses. If the jobs were really at stake, and security provided, many, soon most, union members would have shown up for work. The general public—of this there cannot be the slightest doubt—would have been enthusiastic in support. The union would quickly have faced the choice of returning to legality or going out of business.

As things have actually gone, there has been no firmness, no courage, displayed in anything except rhetoric. "Patient and brave," quoth the Mayor, and "Never again . . ." the editorials have thundered. Why not again? Aren't Quill and his boys getting once more away with it? They struck, they broke the law, they harassed the city. Their punishment? A multi-million-dollar settlement—far beyond what either the city's fiscal condition or an equitable adjustment of wages and benefits permit. Should Quill and union bosses of his breed reverse, on that record, the conduct that the *Times*' editorialist waxes so cross about? Quill and his fellows are most assuredly not stupid enough to draw so ridiculous a conclusion.

Vietnam Potpourri

■ Lyndon Johnson's "peace offensive" is one of those bold risks that a commander-in-chief must take, every now and then, and that can be judged only by the outcome. By it the President has seized, at least for a while, the psychological initiative. This time all other capitals, including Hanoi, Peking and Moscow, were forced to react to Washington, not, as it has been for many months, the other way around. Moreover, Mr. Johnson had everyone guessing, and it is a fine thing, tactically, to be able to keep your enemy guessing—though in this case your friends and your own people were as much in the dark as the enemy.

■ However, the President's gambit was itself a move from weakness: not so much military weakness—though the U.S. military situation is none too bright—as political and moral weakness; more precisely, what the President, with his consensus-obsession, *felt* as a political and moral weakness. The non-Communist world—even the Atlantic Alliance—has failed to rally to the President's banner in Vietnam; many of his own people, including members of his own party, are in one degree or another laggard. Many do not *approve* his course, and Mr. Johnson is unsteady on his feet unless he feels under them the support of a firm and broad approval. Unfortunately for him, no matter what happens to his peace drive this wavering moral climate is not likely to change greatly, because it is caused not so much by the confusion and lack of information as by deeper clashes of interest and aim.

■ But what *will* be the outcome? There would seem to be only two possibilities: a negotiation and an eventual deal that would be, in substance, a capitulation on our part—or a major escalation of the war. Cease-fire and negotiation now *must* lead to Communist victory (however disguised) because the present military situation within Vietnam permits nothing else. We are not going to win at the conference table what we have failed to win in the field. To parley at this point is to admit that our military intervention has been a failure. Negotiation would be only the mechanism for pulling out. But after the bombing pause and peace offensive, the President surely cannot order a resumption of operations at the preceding level: that would be an absurdity, since these had been demonstrably ineffectual.

■ Nor is it likely that continuing "incremental escalation"—gradual stepping up of essentially the same *kind* of operations—will make a decisive difference. The enemy's contingent plans, and his psychological attitude, allow as a matter of course for gradual step-ups. Undoubtedly he has anticipated the chance that Haiphong and Hanoi may be bombed or his ports blockaded. The hope of some of our hawks that such measures would solve our problems is probably illusory. The enemy can be thrown off balance only by a quantum jump—an unexpected move that his planning has either overlooked or ruled out: as, for example, the use of nuclear weapons—a first one, perhaps, in a remote area of North Vietnam's northwest,

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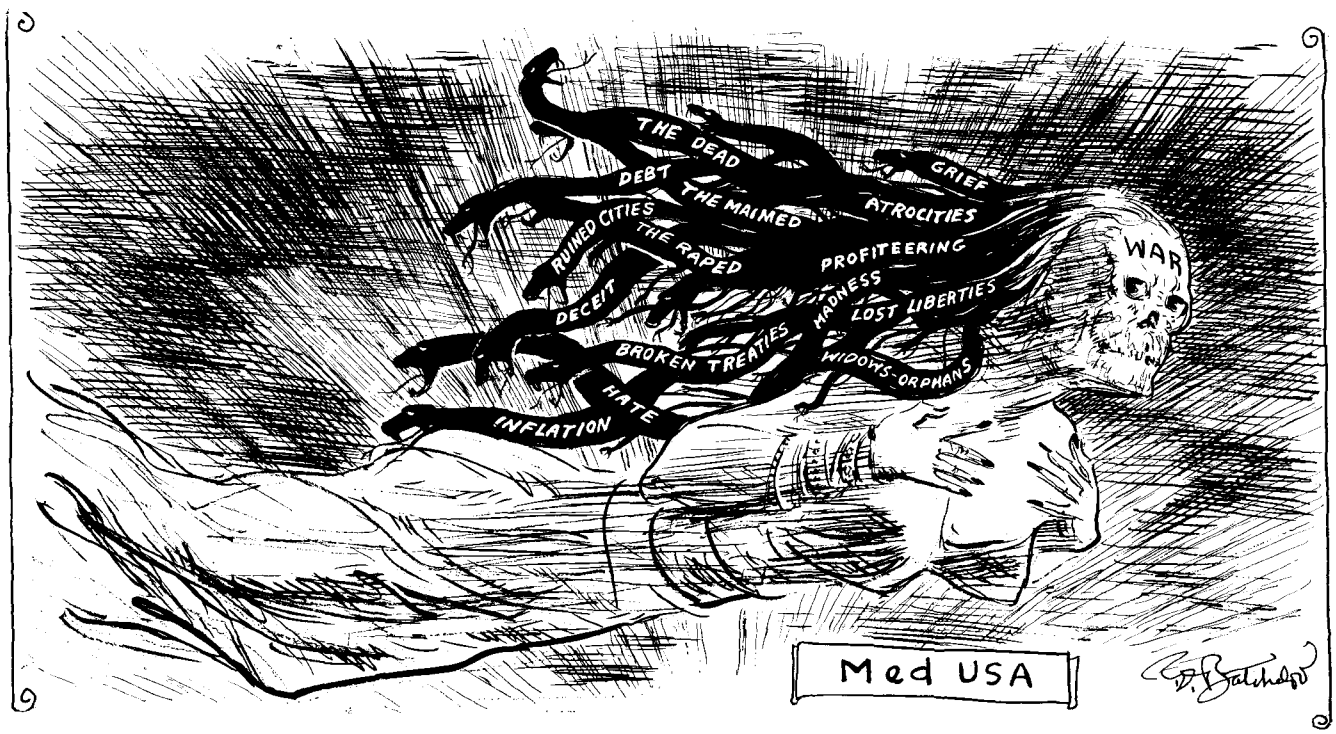
near the Chinese border; the use of chemical means to wipe out the North Vietnamese rice crop—an operation that, it is estimated, could be carried out in about two weeks; the destruction of the Red River irrigation system, on which North Vietnamese agriculture depends; bombing the Chinese nuclear installations; laying down an impassible radioactive barrier to block communications between North and South, as MacArthur recommended in Korea.

● Meanwhile the public debate goes hotly on. A national conference of the "Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam," combining most of the left flank (the Communists very much present), met in Milwaukee to denounce this country's acts, and to remain silent on the Vietcong's. At its annual meeting, SNCC fiercely condemned U.S. aggression and declared its support of draft-defiers; but two days later the NAACP declined to join in, and dissociated itself from SNCC and the other groups that are swinging from civil rights to the war issue. Though the Vietniks continued to get the big play in the press, there were increasing signs of more systematic support for a firm policy. The National Committee for the Defense of Vietnam submitted to the White House what it stated to be pledges of support from 477,000 students on 322 college campuses. The International Youth Crusade for Freedom in Vietnam, sparked by Young Americans for Freedom, staged a series of ceremonies and rallies on January 8 and 9 that began in Boston, and extended to the Statue of Liberty, Philadelphia, Washington (where Senators Dodd and Mundt were principal speakers), on across the country to Cleveland, Houston and Los Angeles, and over the seas to Paris, Brussels, Stockholm, New Delhi, Bangkok, Taipei and Saigon. In the *New Leader,* deepening the Liberal split, Prof. John P. Roche, ex-Chairman of ADA, attacked the immoralism of the "Machtpolitik—Liberal Style" that is ready to turn 15 million Vietnamese over to Ho Chi Minh. As Congress prepared for prolonged election-targeted discussion, Senator Dirksen, to test the political weather, had got himself two sets of feathers, hawk for the odd dates and dove for the even.

Civil Rights '66

There is stillness in civil rights. Membership in the NAACP, CORE, SNCC and SCLC is down; deficits are up. Martin Luther King travels to Selma, to Chicago, to Atlanta in search of opportunities for mass demonstrations. James Farmer resigns as director of CORE to head a government poverty program. His successor, Floyd B. McKissick, comes out against the war in Vietnam. So, for that matter, does Johnsonman Farmer. John Lewis of SNCC charges the U.S. with "pursuing an aggressive policy in violation of international law." Martin Luther King backs Lewis. Roy Wilkins, of the NAACP, does not. "Roy Wilkins," snarls the *Worker* of January 11, "is to the Negro freedom movement what George Meany is to the labor movement"—i.e., presumably, anti-Communist in the clinches. Wilkins does not see that domestic civil rights was last year's issue and peace in Vietnam is this year's issue, and that if next year the



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issue were widgets for midgets Negroes would be expected to buckle down like everybody else.

The swing to peace is the crossroads where the civil rights machine is stalled. Two whopping chunks of legislation have knocked the agitprop from under the militant groups, draining them of interest and money. If they are to continue militant they must attach to the going cause, which is Vietnam, but a lot of people don't care to subsidize an anti-U.S. movement or one which argues that Negroes who fight in Vietnam are disloyal to their race. Unfortunately, there is neither money nor glamor in "going social," as bopping gangs did when they settled down to good citizenship. Social amelioration, as opposed to revolution, is dull and insincere, and the Moynihan Report, which was a sociologist's attempt seriously to engage root problems in Negro life, is "racist." The pacifism of the Negro leaders may prove to be retractable; if so there will be nowhere for them to go but deeper into the gulf of racial enmity. SNCC—the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee—in many localities has dropped all pretensions to nonviolence, and McKissick of CORE (deficit: $200,000) is virulently anti-white. In Atlanta, Dr. King is working around the clock to convert the Julian Bond episode, which involves principally Vietnam and the Georgia legislature, into a purely racial *cause célèbre.* Civil rights is dead. Long live civil rights.

In the Vulgate

The battle of St. John's, in the form of a strike against the university by the United Federation of College Teachers, was supposed to have been fought to a decision last week. In the New York of Mike Quill, however, there was only one strike last week. On the very Monday the faculty pickets took up their placards along came Quill's ill wind and blew them and their strike into an academic dustbin. The American Association of University Professors, many of whose members at St. John's also belong to the UFCT, refused to endorse a strike against an academic institution. The Student Council rejected a boycott proposal. Despite the transit strike, office and maintenance workers crossed picket lines to keep the college open. By the end of the week the St. John's story had sunk to page 47 of the *New York Times,* and strike forces were in disarray.

What is happening at St. John's matters a great deal to the future of Catholic higher education in America. "Academic freedom" has been the warcry and, indeed, part of the battle joins with the larger war now being waged coast to coast on campuses sectarian and non-sectarian. Simply put, it is in essence a power struggle between faculty and administration and arises from the attempt to dispense education on the impossibly inhuman scale of today's overgrown universities. At St. John's, however, to decide whether professors or administrators shall have the final say in organizing the curriculum, choosing textbooks, and controlling student affairs, is to tempt with the logic of prejudice those who would assail the very concept of Catholic education, and so the showdown takes shape as precisely one between those who side with the administration in favor of that concept, and those who, with strike leader Rosemary Lauer, believe that "the Catholic Church, or any other church, ought not to operate a university. Churches and universities don't mix."

Dr. Lauer and her colleague, the insurgent Reverend Peter O'Reilly, both professors of philosophy, both dismissed, have pretty much run the faculty show at St. John's. It has been—probably not through their fault—a deceptive spectacle. Union spokesmen from the first have been careful to avoid the sweeping implications of an anti-Church stand. For months, the talk was of subsidiary issues only—some, like salaries and pensions, routinely adjudicable; others, like "contract tenure," more controversial. ("Contract tenure" can in effect automatically guarantee job security after only eighteen months, and is offered by few American colleges.) All of these issues were of course tied to what complainants called administration autocracy and inflexibility, an old story at provincial St. John's. Another subsidiary issue brought the struggle to a head: had the administration, by its peremptory firing of 31 professors, done them a professional injury sufficiently outrageous to justify a strike against their colleagues? The prospect of teaching-priests and Catholic lay scholars defying one another to cross picket lines was juicily profane, but it did not mature. The strike fizzled; at that point Dr. Lauer and Father O'Reilly began publicly escalating the grievances—grievances, it is only just to note, they have been well used to ventilating. Rosemary Lauer, a feminist, has special grudges against the male clergy, whom, in the December issue of *Cosmopolitan,* she urged to "confess openly their centuries of sin against the rights of women." Father O'Reilly is a "labor priest" from Chicago. How well

Finally?

When, after mackinaws and mush
A jonquil pushes through the slush;
Or, after years of try-and-pray
A couple gets one on the way;
Or . . . what I'm struggling to say
Is: Dirksen broke with LBJ!
That is, I *think* so. Heaven knows
He pens a convoluted prose.
But, quoting Mac, he fails to see
A "substitute for victory."
I may be wrong. I think he's learned.
The worm has (if he *means* it) turned.

W. H. Von Dreele

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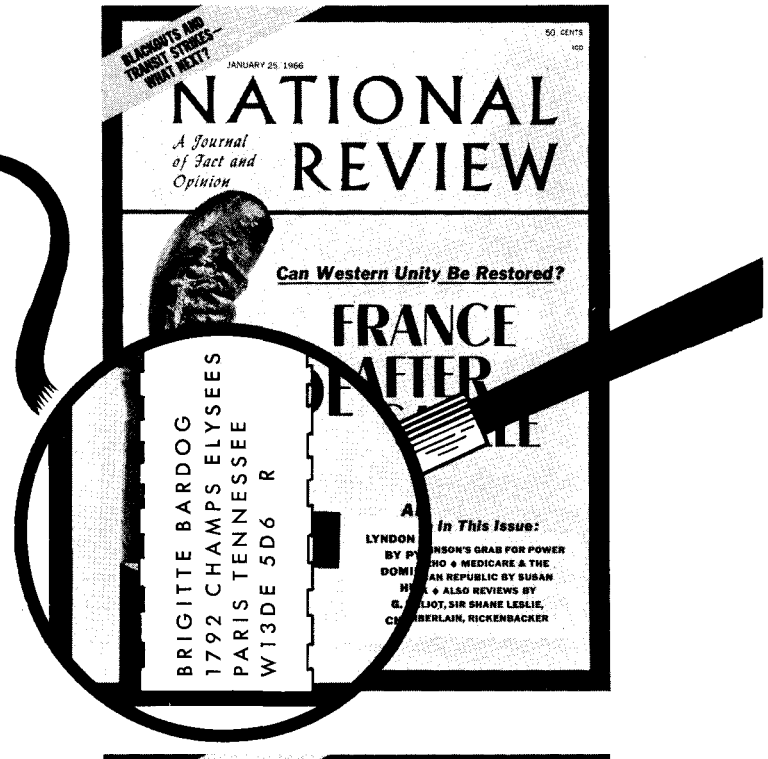
This simple test will separate the good girls from the bad ones!

See for yourself how Brigitte has failed to provide this vital bit of information

Note that we *do not* have her ZIP code! Although we have begged and pleaded, Brigitte is one of those who has *not yet* renewed her current subscription, with the result that she still has an *old-fashioned* code line on her stencil plate (tsk, tsk: what kind of girl would run around with *yesterday's* code line on her stencil plate, anyway?).



On the other hand, we now know all we need to know about Bella, and we appreciate it

Yes, the charming Miss DeBaulle was one of the very *first* to answer our repeated (and repeated, and repeated) calls and entreaties for each and every subscriber to renew *now*, so that we could ZIP-code our entire list in one big money-saving operation.

HISTORICAL NOTE: This ad was suggested by Miss DeBaulle's brother Charles, who bakes bread.

If you are one of those who has not yet sent us your renewal of your current NR Magazine subscription, we hope you will use the card facing this page to do so today. No matter when your subscription expires, we will extend it a full year from its present expiration date. You will be sure to get another full year of NR at the current rate of just $9.00, and we will cut down the heavy cost of ZIPping our list (a saving that helps us keep our prices down!).

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do these two embattled theorists speak for the faculty of St. John's? By mobilizing an unprecedented academic-clerical strike they have already effected a revolution in protocol. Their tactics, which have included the circulation of public petitions, the placing of ads in the secular press, the calling of klieg-lit press, radio and TV conferences, have gone far beyond what Catholics have permitted themselves in the past. Now they have challenged the constitutional right of Catholics, as Catholics, to educate.

At St. John's the crisis in American education merges with the trend, not yet a movement, to Catholic political activism. Catholics have heard much in recent years of the priesthood of the laity. No doubt they have been prepared for the laity of the priesthood, for the marching nuns, the defiant clergymen, the fast-ins, the magazine articles vulgarly headed (*pace* Dr. Lauer) "American Nuns—Chaste, Frustrated, Misunderstood." But in the non-Catholic, non-academic world confusion has arisen. Those who would teach in the world's largest Catholic university have the obligation to dispute one another without scandal, lest those who wish death to the name of religion in America leap to unhealthy conclusions about what in the name of John is going on.

As We Live and Breathe Dept.

From the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine, by Drew Middleton, the *Times'* correspondent at the UN:

On economic aid: "Who's helping India to avert a famine? The United Nations? No, poor old Uncle Sam, who's had his beard tweaked and his coattail tugged by the less inhibited members all through the recent 20th session of the General Assembly."

On Berlin: "[The situation] is easier not because of any inspired diplomacy, but because there is and has been a naked confrontation of power between East and West."

On the indignation of the African nations over Rhodesia: "They are a remarkably bellicose lot, orally anyway, but they want someone else to do any fighting." And, on their breaking off relations with Britain: "I suppose that means they'll take their overdrafts elsewhere."

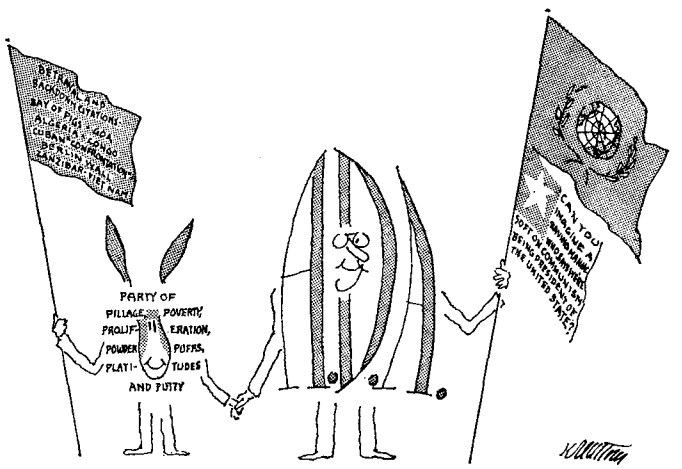
On the verbosity of small-nation representatives to the UN: "I suppose that most of these fellows aren't allowed to open their mouths when in their own capitals and make up for it here."

On the limited power of the UN: "This limit is the boundary between the general interests of the member nations and the national interests of the major powers."

On its value as a forum: "When nations really want to communicate they find the means." On the UN as a safety valve: "Most of the diplomatic language is so imprecise, the attitudes so charged with emotion, the desire to make big, black headlines so strong, that it strikes me as the riskiest place in the world to start anything serious."

On what the UN produces in place of deliberation on the great issues: ". . . Endless oratory about colonialism and neo-colonialism."

On what Red China would do if admitted to the UN: ". . . Raise unshirted hell [and throw] vetoes around the Security Council like confetti."



"All we want is massive federal intervention into all walks of American life, liquidation of the armed forces necessary to protect our sovereignty, and immediate recognition, trade and conviviality with Red China and the Red Soviet, under a UN-dominated World Government! As Hubert Humphrey, our co-founder and co-chairman, has explained to you, there's nothing extremist about us, especially when he says it fast!"

Marguerite Higgins, RIP

There are some people who are fatally born to be victimized by their own integrity. One thinks of Pete Reiser, who had all the qualifications to become a second Ty Cobb, wrecking his body against the walls of the old Ebbetts Field in Brooklyn simply because he couldn't conceive giving up on a fly ball if there were the remotest possibility of its being caught. In journalism Marguerite Higgins was like that: she *would* make a tenth trip to Vietnam despite the fact that, as a Washington columnist for *Newsday* there was no compulsion for her to travel to dangerous places *all* the time, and she *would* pick up a rare tropical disease from an insect bite as she staked her health in a gamble with a law of averages that was bound eventually to catch up with her.

But it was not just the go-for-broke style which Marguerite Higgins exhibited when she was pursuing a story that made her character unique. The real test of her integrity is that, before her sudden death

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t the untimely age of 45, she had quietly broken ith the Liberal preconceptions that had ruled the orld she had always known. Events had changed er thinking. It would have been infuriating to her o read her obituaries, even though most of them ere extremely admiring. What the obituaries conentrated on was the spectacular element in her arlier career as a girl war correspondent in Europe nd in Korea. Maggie Higgins was used to that type f tribute; she once said she stopped counting medals nd plaques after she had received thirty of them.

She would have wanted someone to mention the articular quality of her journalism at the end, hich had become reflective beyond that of the rdinary commentator. She would have wanted some ecognition that she had gone against the current f ideas that led other correspondents, in all ordinary espects her technical peers, to swallow the notion hat there was a Diem-inspired plot against the Budhists in Vietnam or that a refusal to escalate the ar in Southeast Asia on our part would have evoked sporting magnanimity in the Vietcong and Ho Chi Minh. She would, in short, have wanted someone o mention the meaning of all the hard work that ad gone into her last book, *Our Vietnam Nightmare*, hich had barely had time to clear the reviewers' esks when she died.

I was once Marguerite Higgins' teacher, in a ourse called Editorial Methods which I gave at the olumbia School of Journalism in 1941-42. Since he knew right where she was going, I don't hink I had any effect on her, or, for that matter, on ny of the other self-directed kids—Al Otten, now of he *Wall Street Journal*, Flora Lewis, wife of New ork *Timesman* Sid Gruson, Elie Abel, who went nto radio, Carl Hartman, AP man in Bonn—who tudied journalism at Columbia twenty-five years go. They were a non-ideological bunch, too young o have been formed by the ferment of the New Deal, ut still too close to the Depression to be interested n the idea that there had been an America before DR. The kids, however, had an effect on me. They ere not simpletons, as their shell-shocked predeessors on the campuses of the mid-thirties had been nclined to be. They could argue two sides of a case, which augured well for their potentiality as journalists in a world that was then disposed to see only the Liberal side. They made me see that the world was still fluid, and so helped my evolution away from Liberalism.

Marguerite Higgins showed her Pete Reiser go-for-broke style quite early. If she wanted to write twenty pages on a topic when one had only asked for 700 words, she would gladly risk getting a poor mark for terseness and compression just to have her complete say. She told some of her classmates that she was going to outpace Dorothy Thompson in making a career for herself, and in a life that was somewhat shorter than Miss Thompson's she almost succeeded.

Dorothy Thompson had the gratification of living to see her great opponents, Adolf Hitler and Joseph Goebbels, laid low. Marguerite Higgins was denied the comparable opportunity of living long enough to see Ho Chi Minh and the Vietcong get their comeuppance for fouling our planet. Her last book, if only someone could get its meaning through in all its ramifications to Lyndon Johnson, could leave Maggie Higgins even-up with Dorothy. Lest this be considered a frivolous way of putting it, let me say that if symmetry is denied Marguerite Higgins in the consummation of her early School of Journalism desire, the world is certain to go into a long night of horrifyingly long knives. The slaughter of the innocents in South Vietnam will be only the beginning.

J. CHAMBERLAIN

George S. Montgomery Jr., RIP

George Montgomery was a fervent patriot with a sense of humor, some dark obsessions, and an overflowing heart for his friends who, though he was the most selective of men, were numerous. His public record is skimpy in part because privacy, for him, was a mania; in part because his personal modesty achieved an almost crippling dimension; and in part because he sometimes allowed his imagination to roam in forbidden reservations, and he shrank at the thought of exposing his friends to all the perils of free-wheeling intellectual forays. But every now and then he would be coaxed into print, as for instance when he wrote a slim but influential book (Caxton, 1952), *The Return of Adam Smith*, which was gratefully noticed in the arid postwar years by many who were thirsty to know that, among those who mattered, there remained at least a few who did not believe that Adam Smith was irretrievably dead. And George Montgomery mattered a great deal. In his youth he had fought as a fighter-pilot in the first war, which officially terminated a few hours before a new airplane arrived at the stillness of the front. He could not resist testing it; and for his pains shattered his right leg which was duly amputated, leaving him a semi-cripple. He had graduated from Dartmouth College, and went on to the Harvard Law School, making his mark resplendently in the practice of the law, serving for years as a senior partner of Coudert Brothers of New York, and as the very closest friend and adviser of the family of the editor of this journal, who joins his other mourners in remarking their admiration and affection for this quiet and lonely gentleman who so greatly loved his country, and so faithfully served his friends.

W.F.B. JR.

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Kenneth Tynan in the News

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

A few weeks ago on the BBC, no less, an unmentionable word was mentioned by, no less, the literary manager of England's National Theater; and, once again, Mr. Kenneth Tynan was in the news. He has been newsworthy for a good many years in dramatic circles because he is if not a first-rate critic (he is impeded from being that by his world-view, which is materialist and egoistic), at least a very very good one, in that he is a shrewd observer and expert verbalizer who disposes of a pyrotechnical vocabulary and abundant wit, and is therefore fun to read whatever one thinks of him, of drama, or, indeed, of the universe itself.

Buckley

He is extremely interesting to theater-folk because of his exemplary technical skills as a critic; but it is, alas, not these but other exhibitions which have caused him to become an International Figure, recognized as such by the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine which has devoted an admiring spread to him triggered —O sweetest of ironies—precisely by the commotion that resulted from his violation of a tabu for the maintenance of which the *New York Times* would go to the electric chair.

Mr. Tynan is interesting to us ordinary folks, we learn, because of his free-wheeling iconoclasm and because he is, thereby, a part of that wave of the future which good grey editors dutifully cover on the grounds that in due course it must inundate us all, and we may as well be good sports about it when the time comes.

The philosophy of Kenneth Tynan is not by any means original, although he depicts it refreshingly in his quite ungovernable effluvia, most of them published in this country in the cleavages of *Playboy* Magazine. It is the usual kind of business. Man is born to enjoy himself. The acutest pleasures in life are cultural and sexual, or maybe sexual and cultural. From the time he was a schoolboy, Tynan was on to the instant scandal-value of manifestoes in favor of sexual permissiveness, and it is recorded that he resigned as an independent candidate for a school election when the headmaster denied him permission to make his stand in favor of free homosexuality. Unlike some of his friends and admirers, he is not himself a practitioner of the freedom he advocates, but he finds it a constant source of amusement to toy with the subject.

A few years ago he wrote a piece for the highbrow English periodical, *Encounter,* in which he took great delight, a delight he apparently believed was communicable to his readers, in recounting an episode with a tailor whom he visited to hire a costume for the annual affair given by the Lord Mayor of London, and before whom he declined to undress on the grounds that he (Tynan) was a homosexual. That, believe it or not, was the punch line of his long essay, which suggests that as a critic he has his own second act problems.

In the United States he made great publicity for himself a few years ago by signing the Fair Play for Cuba Committee's manifesto to the effect that we were being beastly towards Fidel Castro, and then writing a whimpering piece of self-pity when Senator Dodd of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee had the nerve to question him as to his knowledge of where the funds were collected to pay for the publication of the manifesto.

For a man who was so brave with his tailor, it was disappointing tha he was so unbrave with Senato Dodd, whom he esteems less than hi tailor, and over whose impendin questions he worried greatly, won dering even whether the result c Senator Dodd's interrogation migh be that he would never, ever b able to earn a living again ("eco nomic fears welled up" he wrot ". . . would my American earning be jeopardized?"). It didn't hurt him of course, and he has been too bus ever since to apologize to Senato Dodd, whose pertinacity absolutel established that the money for tha particular Communist front had in deed been provided by a Communis —no less a man than Fidel Castro' own ambassador to the Unite Nations.

But Tynan went back to Englanc and continued his chatter about se and revolution, calling, among othe things, for capitulating to the Sovie Union at the time of the Berli crisis, lest he should die in the holo caust that would result if we stoo firm. ("I would rather live on m knees than die on my knees.")

In England he lives contentedl among the literati, available to al interesting people, save only for hi reservation, that he "couldn't b friendly with a convinced Tory . . all the people I know and like ar Liberal or Socialist."

The syndrome is complete whe we learn that he can't be friendl with God, either, which is, one hopes an unrequited attitude, and in an case, an especially sad one considering that Mr. Tynan was exposed t the most persuasive Christian schola of his generation, Mr. C. S. Lewis at Oxford. "I hope," says Mr. Tynan "I never need to believe in God. I would be an awful confession o failure." Rather like a show tha closes after the first week, which is the dramatist's idea of hell.

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The Death of Gaullism

It was a leftist swing vote that put de Gaulle back into power, says Mr. Schlamm, and that vote is not interested in preserving the Atlantic Alliance

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Charles de Gaulle, who can do almost anything, has survived Gaullism. For, just as surely as the General slipped into the French Presidency on December 19, 1965, Gaullism died on December 5, 1965.

That date will be trilled by French rhetoricians of the future with the same jubilant *tremolo* that, as Mark Twain so delectably noted sixty years ago, makes the recital of mere dates a highlight of French rhetoric. (For sheer delight, you must reread Mark Twain's transcript of a French oration which, merely by piling one date upon another, drove a French holiday audience into frenzy.) The citizens of France had been called, by Charles de Gaulle himself, to express in the plebiscite of December 5, 1965, their unmitigated trust in the General. That their vote was also to confirm him, for another seven years, as President, was accidental and arbitrary: presidents of the French Republic had been elected, for almost a century, by parliamentary representation rather than popular vote, and nothing but his whimsical self-certainty made Charles de Gaulle change that ancient French election law in 1965.

There was, of course, also (as there is in all whimsical decisions of the General) a realistic calculation involved. Even de Gaulle had begun to notice that he was reaching a ripe age; and that he had not yet begotten a successor, as all authentic kings ought to. Yet unlike other kings, King Charles ruled his people, not by the Grace of God, but by the grace of that people; and thus, before he was to perform the last and most creative act of his rule (i.e. before he proclaimed his successor), the General wanted to bathe once more in that miraculous grace. So he changed the Constitution—not just to be the first elected French President in a hundred years, but to be ordained, by a stupendous plebiscite, as the elector of his own successor.

But Charles de Gaulle was licked on December 5, 1965, and it was not just an ordinary trouncing. If an incumbent president gathers, on an election date of his own choice, only 45 per cent of the popular vote, the calamity is considered in any ordinary democracy pretty catastrophic. But in Charles de Gaulle's France, a veritable Demo-Monarchy, it was neo-regicide. Of course, as the OAS (the terrorist organization that tried to prevent Algerian independence) found out again and again, de Gaulle is an accomplished escape-artist. He always travels in the company of expendable substitutes. The expendable victim of December 5, 1965, was Gaullism; while the General, to no one's surprise, stayed alive long enough to be elected, two weeks later, President of France by the distressingly small majority of 5 per cent.

Gaullisme? C'est de Gaulle

But what makes an evaluation of the recent French whodunit particularly difficult is what has made any discussion of French affairs unmanageable for the last six years: there were no two people on earth who could agree on a definition of Gaullism. What, indeed, *was* that darned thing? A political philosophy? An ideology? A set of social and national aims? And *what* aims? These questions, and a hundred more, needed to be answered (and never were) before one could embark upon a sensible discussion of France's present and future. In several years of careful listening, I heard only one intelligent answer (from one of the General's most articulate aides): *"Gaullisme? C'est de Gaulle."*

So there were, after all, at least two people who agreed on a definition of Gaullism; and I am the third. But the rest of the world kept insisting on a political rationale—and kept chasing the shadow of shadows ("the riddle wrapped in an enigma"). The truth is that Gaullism, just like Charles de Gaulle himself, was wholly and completely apolitical. The non-French universe, particularly around Washington, reverberated with speculations: whether de Gaulle "really" wanted an alliance with Germany or with the Soviet Union; whether he was "actually" for or against *Algérie Française;* whether he was, *au fond,* a Monarchist or a Democrat or a Fascist or a Communist; whether or not he hated America more than he feared the Soviet Union; whether he advocated or repudiated the unification of Europe. "Really," "actually," *au fond,* the General does not give a damn one way or the other. He is constitutionally incapable of *any* political commitment. He is that rare bird — the *zoon apolitikon.* He simply has no organ for evaluating political structures — and precisely because of this he was able to make use of *all* of them: his greatest strength was his total numbness in all matters of political judgment and decision (and American contemporaries of Dwight D. Eisenhower should know whereof I speak).

What, then, *was* Gaullism? Gaullism was Charles de Gaulle's notion that France needed a ruler—not just a government, not just political leadership, not even a dictator, but an honest-to-God ruler, a true king—in short, Charles de Gaulle. And this was indeed what France needed—in 1958, and for a few years more. The France that emerged in 1945 was perhaps the most defeated nation of Europe. France was sick to death. A ghastly cancer of defeatism had sucked the marrow from the nation's bones, and there was no social structure left fully alive in the country, not even Communism. Such normal entities of national existence as Capital and Labor, the Upper Class and

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the Middle Class, were all in a state of atomization. Politics, in France, was nothing but frenzied catatonia. No social or political force could do more than keep all others from moving. And the decay reached its epitome, its spooky apotheosis, in Algeria.

In the case of Algeria there were of course, as there always are, two possibilities: either France would let Algeria go, or France would fight to keep her. So the French Left dreamed of letting Algeria go—but to capitulate would have meant to be hung by the French Right. And the French Right dreamed of fighting for *Algérie Française*—but to fight for Algeria would have meant civil war. Left and Right had finally stared each other into total immobility; and so France, evidently, needed a ruler. Only two structures were left in France with a modicum of cohesiveness—the Communist Party and the Army. The Communist Party *had* a ruler; but he was also the ruler of the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union, at that time, was not interested in a serious showdown in Western Europe. Which allowed the French Army to call upon a ruler of its own choice. It was of course Charles de Gaulle.

His own invincible persuasion that he was born to rule France suited, in 1958, the French Army's realization that France needed to be ruled. Charles de Gaulle, the creator as well as the creature of the French Army, took the power from the Army's outstretched palm—and used it against the Army. He was installed to overcome the deadlock between the Army and the Communist Party, France's last cohesive structures. And then he went and decapitated the Army. In 1959, it was not generally visible that, after the decimation of the French Army, no other vital structure would remain in France than the Communist Party. But some people saw it even then; and six years later, in December 1965, the whole world could see that the *Front Populaire* was getting ready to take over France.

What had happened since 1958? In seven years, the mighty and elated ruler had ruled so successfully that he was no longer needed. De Gaulle had worked himself out of his job: Gaullism is dead because Charles de Gaulle was such an unparalleled success.

France is again a healthy, normal and ordinary nation, pulsating with social energies, vibrant and prosperous. It has caught up with all the other European *Wirtschaftswundern*. In France, too, national income, living standards, wages and profits, highways and construction, consumers' expenditures, capital investments, and savings have reached record heights. Of course, the General has not the slightest idea how all this happened: if there is anything Charles de Gaulle is constitutionally less capable of comprehending than politics, it is economics. But merely by sitting, even though illegitimately, on France's throne, merely by acting the ruler, Charles de Gaulle restored, for France, that indispensable "environment of confidence" without which no economy can grow or even exist. France, merely by looking up to an airily self-assured, haughty and inaccessible ruler, has in seven years overcome its national defeat—

and has turned cocky again. The very first thing a cocky France did was to murder Gaullism.

For Charles de Gaulle, *hélas*, was not a real king. He ruled, not by the Grace of God, but merely by the grace of a disheartened people which, when it felt its sap running again, also felt like firing the hired ruler. For the French, thank God, are an ornery and capricious people. De Gaulle's contract, to be sure, was finally renewed, by a measly 5 per cent margin, but it has changed in nature: Charles de Gaulle is no longer hired to rule France; he's merely employed again, with the humiliating job description of the "lesser evil." Better de Gaulle than the *Front Populaire*.

What happened was this. De Gaulle lost the election on December 5, but did not win the election of December 19—Mitterrand lost it. That's all. About two million Frenchmen who had voted against Charles de Gaulle on December 5 found themselves unable to vote for Mitterrand, the candidate of the Communist Party, two weeks later. Even so 45 out of 100 Frenchmen *did* vote for the greater evil; and only 55, though many of them have the gravest doubts about the General, preferred the devil to the deep red sea.

Captive of the Left

I, for one, find this result profoundly disturbing. Normally, the French Communist Party receives about 23 per cent of the French vote, and the French Socialist Party, another 14 per cent; but, combined on December 19, they gathered up 45 per cent instead of their "normal" 37 per cent. Even more, there is considerable evidence that, in addition to that frightening 45 per cent, hundreds of thousands of *Front Populaire* votes went to Charles de Gaulle this time—and for perfectly good reasons.

The General, to begin with, is at this moment rather indispensable to the Kremlin. The Soviets' European strategy is based on isolating Germany, on preventing her nuclear armament, on paralyzing NATO (and all other promises of European unification). Now, whether or not the General understands what he is doing, and whether or not he intends to continue doing it, his policies are holding back the growth of the Common Market, so understandably desired by Bonn, and have contributed to the undermining of NATO. Were de Gaulle to disappear these policies might change. Therefore, Moscow wanted Charles de Gaulle to stay—and the Soviet press, despite its commitment to the *Front Populaire*, was gentle, indeed, in its handling of de Gaulle. And, sure enough, a great many leftist luminaries in Paris rallied behind de Gaulle. *L'Express*, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's leftist newsweekly, estimates that

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only 65 per cent of the French workers—who usually vote Communist or Socialist—cast their ballots for Mitterrand on December 19. Between December 5 and December 19, the General was so desperately in search of support that he and his campaign managers openly courted Popular Front votes: he wanted to be, proclaimed de Gaulle, President of the Left as well as of everybody else. But even if he did not really want it—this is just what he will *have* to be. Since the decapitation of the French Army the Left is the only potent and effective political force in France today. And only a bold, alert and uncompromisingly anti-Communist regime could purge France's ruling *cadres*. This is precisely the one course Charles de Gaulle could not possibly dare. He, who is committed *au fond* to no political concept, can surely not accept the concept of Soustelle. His enmity toward the French Right is deadly and final. Thus, he has become a captive of the French Left. The days of the haughty and superior ruler are gone, and Charles de Gaulle is, from now on, the hired hand of the French Establishment.

Moscow a Big Factor

And his foreign policy: He will continue his policy of not *having* a policy; and he will, with this very posture of unpredictable indifference to political commitment, profitably confuse the whole world (including, perhaps, even the Soviets). Concepts like Democracy and Communism, Alliance and Friendship, Freedom and Independence, are meaningful to the *zoon politikon*, to ordinary people like you and me. They are not meaningful to Charles de Gaulle. He handles them as more or less useful and always interchangeable objects—meant only to be put together in a jigsaw puzzle designed to his own taste.

Only one thing is predictable: Charles de Gaulle will carefully avoid any political move that might provoke the Left to turn against him in earnest. If he is not careful, the Left can fire him. For the first time in his life, the General is running scared. He will cling to the leftist splinter that helped him cross the fateful 50 per cent mark on December 19—those elegant people who dream camp dreams of Europe from "the Atlantic to the Urals" and of the "enigmatic destiny of China." No one knows precisely how strong this group is, but the vote of December 19 is vaguely indicative: de Gaulle regained, compared to the vote of December 5, about 11 per cent. Where from? The disciplined radicals of the extreme Right (Tixier-Vignancour) seem unanimously to have obeyed their leader's pretty silly directive to vote, second time around, for the candidate of the *Front Populaire*. (This bloc accounts for about 5 per cent.)

If this is so, then a leftist swing-group of about 10 per cent will determine the fate of France. The next national elections, in about a year, could break de Gaulle's power in a new Chamber of Deputies. Thus, during the next twelve months, de Gaulle will cater to that leftist swing-group. He will, perforce, have to pursue his "Atlantic to the Urals" policy no matter what the damage to the Common Market and the ideal of an eventual united Europe, in the sense of a politically federated Europe, and he will continue to chip away at U. S. dominance of NATO. Whether these operations will end up by torpedoing the Atlantic community is uncertain; many responsible Western European statesmen and observers are pessimistic about what another two, five or seven years of de Gaulle in the Elysée will augur for Western Europe.

Subtracting the 37 per cent of the French voters who are irretrievably committed to the *Front Populaire*, the non-Communist and anti-Communist reservoir of the French electorate (about 60 per cent) would have to rally to the anti-Communist cause with an almost total dedication. Such a rally is not unthinkable—if a courageous leadership were determined to evoke it. But no such leadership is available in France as long as Charles de Gaulle retains even a formal franchise.

Now that Gaullism is dead, and France resumes its normal *bourgeois* existence without a lofty ruler, the tide of the *Front Populaire* is rolling in. How fast and how far it will move, and how finally, depends not so much on the boldness of the Communist Party, or on the conscience of the General, but on the strategic concerns of the Soviet Union. If Moscow, as seems likely, were to decide that it is still not interested in dramatic upheavals of the corrupt Western camp, then it may take a few more years before the French Communists enter the government. But should the stress of the revolutionary competition with Red China demand it, then Moscow will spur on its French Party; in which case de Gaulle might die sooner than he thinks.

It is just possible, of course, that all bets might be off—namely, if the United States were to take a resolute initiative in world affairs: Charles de Gaulle never missed a chance to join the stronger battalions, and the United States on an offensive course would prove irresistible to sensitive France. Which, alas, is another way of saying that the *Front Populaire* will soon take over in Paris. For a resolute foreign policy in Washington is just as unthinkable as de Gaulle's loyalty to America, or anything else. As it happens, a very resistible force is meeting a very movable object—and because of this strange accident in political physics, the sun over Paris is going down in the East.

Reasoning With the Court

It goes like this: Although it's true
The Reds are after me and you,
To make them register would slight
Their First Amendment-given right.
We *know* they're bad. We know they hope
To vanish from our microscope,
But even roaches need to be
Protected from extremity.
We can't be beastly to the Reds
Because they act like quadrupeds.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Case History

Medicare for the Dominican Republic

SUSAN HUCK

Just the other day I dropped by the Foggy Bottom Good Neighbor Center for the Treatment of Diseased Minds and Bodies Politic, otherwise known as the Department of State. I was inquiring after an outpatient named the Dominican Republic.

DR, as we call him, is a local boy who has been under treatment for many years now, and he seems worse off than ever.

True, he was never the picture of health to begin with. But DR's late father, Rafael Trujillo, had put him through a stiff thirty-year body-building course and there was no doubt of its effects.

Many of the neighbors thought old Trujillo was much too rough on the boy. They insisted that Trujillo was only interested in improving his health so that he could work harder and bring home more money. They may have been right. However, right next door to DR there is a lad named Haiti. He started out with about the same physical endowment as DR, and has managed to become the neighborhood's oldest living basketcase. Hardly anybody claims that DR would rather be in that condition.

About DR's daddy, though, he was not well liked in the community. The Good Neighbor Organization eventually voted to ostracize him. When that did no good, a psychiatrist from the Foggy Bottom Center suggested this subtle plan to get at the old man by systematically impairing DR's health and earning power. I forget how it was supposed to work, but it doesn't matter, because somebody who was impatient to raise the moral tone of the community decided to dispose of old Trujillo with a machine gun.

Actually, DR didn't appreciate this as much as we thought he would. With his tyrannical old father out of the way, DR just accepted his new legal guardian and kept right on going to work in the morning.

The psychiatric social worker on the Foggy Bottom staff thought this was abnormal. He claimed that DR should have quit work, grown a beard, and bought himself some pointy-toed shoes instead. We all began worrying about DR's mental health.

However, DR's new father, Joaquín Balaguer, was a sensible sort, far more generous and tolerant than the old man had been, even though he was not about to put up with beards and pointy-toed shoes. He had DR's best interests at heart, and in fact, the first thing he did was to protest against the continuation of the Good Neighbor Organization's sanctions against DR.

Many of us thought Balaguer had a point, but the psychiatrist from Foggy Bottom insisted that we keep on impairing DR's health and earning power, because now it was a subtle plan for getting at Trujillo's relatives.

Balaguer a Square?

Finally the conflict came to a head. Balaguer insisted on an end to this pressure on DR, and the Foggy Bottom staff, always muttering something about Guilt by Association anyway, decided that Balaguer was too square for words, and ought to be replaced as DR's guardian because of his past association with DR's late father.

So they got rid of Balaguer and put DR in a nice progressive boarding school, hoping that he'd learn to *want* to wear a beard and pointy-toed shoes.

Then they decided to let him pick another guardian. The Foggy Bottom staff had in mind a local deadbeat named Juan Bosch, who had been boarding at various homes in the neighborhood for many years. Although he was really too old, and no longer had it in the wind and knees for the Castro act, Bosch still hung out with the leather-jacket crowd and the psychiatrists thought this might loosen DR's unfortunate inhibitions.

When the time came to choose a new guardian, it was clear to DR that a handsome allowance from Foggy Bottom, such as 4.6 million yankee-dollars a month, went with Bosch, and a big nothing with Balaguer. Still . . . strictly for the boy's own good, you understand, DR was just plain forbidden to consider Balaguer as a guardian. This being the case, he chose Bosch.

Well, Bosch promised DR just about everything, and what with the big allowance and the wild company, there are those who feel that Bosch got the boy into a lot of trouble. In fact, some other relatives who were worried about DR's future got together and sent Bosch packing.

Shades of Cuba

The welfare authorities at Foggy Bottom became very upset about this, and kept sending lawyers around and threatening to call the police. Meanwhile, Bosch had gone back to live with the Puerto Ricans, and folks in the neighborhood began to remark on the numbers of tough, leather-jacket types streaming in and out of the place. But the Puerto Ricans and the Foggy Bottom people refused to notice, and went off mumbling about Guilt by Association.

Suddenly Bosch's hoods began smashing up DR's home, claiming to be the forces of law and order. One of the social workers found it a bit much and called the police, and the fat was in the fire. The best that Foggy Bottom could do after that was to prevent the police from being beastly to the hoods.

What sort of bothers me is the nature of the treatment which the Center prescribes. It seems, to say the least, bizarre. DR is now in very bad shape, flat on his back, hardly functioning at all, being fed intravenously, and becoming feebler by the day. Meanwhile the whole place is a madhouse, seething with hoodlums, police, relatives, social workers, psychiatrists, tourists, neighbors, pickpockets, and reporters mostly screaming and shooting at each other. The Foggy Bottom catering service has been on the job, pushing tea-trays of refreshments around to all parties, so that this fruitful dialogue may continue. The chairman of the moment, Foggy Bottom's newly-appointed guardian (who wears pointy-toed shoes),

(Continued on p. 85)

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LBJ: Political Gamester

What engrosses the President most is the game of politics, and he plays it superbly. But is that expertise enough at this moment in history?

PYRRHO

Lyndon Johnson is probably the only U.S. President, except Andrew Jackson, who has been *uniquely* concerned with gaining and using power. Other Presidents have had other interests than the game of politics and they have indulged them. Other Presidents have also sought relaxation from the tensions of the game in the company of old friends who were not concerned or involved with political relations. Other Presidents have had a private life. President Johnson, in contrast, is exclusively concerned with politics—the business of gaining and using power over human affairs. He is always *on*, always pursuing his goals, and always actively engaged in negotiations. Professional observers, Johnsonologists if you please, would have us believe that the way Johnson operates is very difficult to understand—that only the specialists are able to discern the moves and the progress of the game.

However, any number can kibitz in this chess game if the value of the pieces and the ground rules are understood, and there is a sound appreciation of the kind of game that the President plays. Johnson makes this easier than other Presidents because other Presidents often tired of playing and allowed their private personality to dominate their conduct. President Truman, for example, was capable of conspicuous acts of courage that were nonpolitical. President Johnson, in contrast, is probably incapable of a nonpolitical act.

The player's qualifications are critical. Every player has certain weaknesses and certain strengths. On balance, President Johnson is more highly qualified in nearly all of the important strengths, than any of his predecessors in the twentieth century. For example:

Lyndon Johnson is tireless. His is a case of addiction more pronounced than the usual addiction to games, though many bridge or chess players would literally rather play than eat. The President appears to thrive only in the presence of an active challenge. Indeed, if all opposition to the President of the U.S. suddenly disappeared, LBJ would probably go out and constitute a pro forma adversary so that he could go on with the game. The need to play and the need to win may not be separately distinguished for one who plays to win and is a winning player.

The Decision's the Thing

Lyndon Johnson is willing to act. He understands the complementarity of deliberation and decision—each excludes the other. He adheres to the rule that a bad decision is better than no decision at all—an old and fundamental Florentine principle. In part this conspicuous trait may arise from a desire to maintain an offensive rather than a defensive game and, in part, it may be owing to the advantage of surprise that comes with prompt decision. In any case Johnson has it. The decks are always cleared for action. New business is always welcome. When delay *is* needed, the Johnson rule is to start a series of subordinate actions that keep the adversary occupied.

Lyndon Johnson gets things done. He is a good administrator because he is an accomplished politician. If something is needed to support a political objective, he tries to be sure it is secured. Perhaps the most notable, as well as anomalous, case is Johnson's "economy" program. It is strange that Johnson is so persistent about budgetary economies and at the same time so given to extravagant programs. The "economies" have a clear political purpose—the propitiation of the business community, as well as the prospect of many highly advantageous real estate operations. The spending programs are used to consolidate the support of minority groups and areas. LBJ pork is superbly carved, and meticulously served.

Lyndon Johnson insists on personal loyalty. It is not enough for his subordinates in the executive branch to do an efficient job as judged by public interest criteria. The job must be done in a way that will reflect credit on Lyndon Johnson, and avoid discredit. This accounts for the emphasis of this Administration on personnel. In previous Administrations, the higher government jobs, the so-called super grades, were regarded as Civil Service appointments—to be held as long as efficiently performed. This rule has been changed. Nowadays super-grade positions are Schedule C jobs, i.e. no tenure. In practice, any job is without tenure if the President chooses to abolish it or reconstitute it—unless it is a military or Post Office appointment. Secretary McNamara eliminated a large part of the Civil Defense establishment, with summary notice.

A Uniquely Political Person

Lyndon Johnson believes in fighting for what he wants, i.e. if fighting will serve a relevant political purpose. This is not the same as believing that there are things worth fighting for in the most general sense. However, there is no doubt whatever that he will use force whenever it is relevant. The Dominican Republic or Vietnam may be cited, but there will be other instances to come. It is also probable that the President believes that the exercise of military muscle is desirable, both to keep the troops on their toes and to maintain the judicious respect of our enemies.

Lyndon Johnson has a large number of friends, of remarkable diversity and extraordinary loyalty. This is

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the classic trait of the political leader, but the President possesses it to an unusual degree. Drew Pearson is a friend, Abe Fortas is a friend, and William S. White is a friend. Most U.S. Presidents would be unlikely to acknowledge either Pearson or Fortas as a personal friend—Johnson does. There is another aspect to this remarkable quality: the President is not vindictive in the recognized sense and wastes little if any of his time pursuing vendettas. On the contrary, he tries to soften up his enemies—like Bobby Kennedy.

These assets make Lyndon Johnson a formidable political adversary in any conditions, and especially over the short term. From his long experience in Washington he has acquired intimate acquaintance with all the ways and means of the political operation. He also has the rare advantage, as a uniquely political person, of knowing how to handle a bureaucrat. Quite often a politician learns to defer to the senior members of the executive establishment, and particularly those in the State Department. Lyndon Johnson, in contrast, has measured them all with his own political yardstick and uses them accordingly.

The liabilities of Lyndon Johnson are another matter, and they may be variously weighed. As I have said, any number can play. The liabilities, unlike the assets, do not have the distinctive quality of his great political assets, which are formidable, superior to nearly all others in the field, and highly visible. The liabilities may or may not be liabilities and, depending on the standards of the observer, they may be important or unimportant. A brief list follows.

Lyndon Johnson is not interested in ideas as such. He is concerned with the winning gambit, the special ploy, the useful gimmick. Other U.S. Presidents, Harry Truman for example, have been interested in American history and the great constitutional issues fought out in domestic and foreign arenas. They have been sufficiently interested to have views about the nature of the society and about the Constitution.

For Lyndon Johnson, the Constitution is a datum, to be used as circumstances require.

For Lyndon Johnson, Brezhnev and Kosygin and Mao are adversaries like any others who must be dealt with in standard gaming terms. He may choose to soften them up (as he has done with the Kennedy Establishment in order to get his feet well planted in what was formerly Kennedy domain) or he may choose to turn on some heat.

In principle, coexistence is an LBJ dish. He finds it undesirable to discriminate among adversaries if discrimination can possibly be disadvantageous. This is the principle he follows in making friends. Practically, it is clear that Johnson does discriminate—but only for political purposes.

Lyndon Johnson is lacking in the quality all great political leaders possess—charisma, or so it would appear. It may be that the emergence of this quality awaits a great event in which the transcendent leadership that is the basis of charisma is clearly shown. So far, Lyndon Johnson galvanizes almost nobody. The folksiness, the cornpone manner, the outlander accent, and the crushing sentimentality that derives from a peculiar piety—none of these will get him awards for charisma.

Lyndon Johnson never seems to find the right word, and yet all the words he uses seem to fit him. What is remarkable is that so many can be said and yet none be memorable. Even the conventional quotations drawn from the texts of civilization tend to seem out of context or marred by the manner of utterance. On the closest analysis, it is apparent that Johnson's failure to stir the people in his frequent public appearances is not owing to the fact that he speaks a dialect of the language—both Roosevelt and Kennedy spoke a dialect not standard American. The real difficulty Johnson has is that he doesn't care for ideas—words—and he somehow feels that they can be assembled like so many digits in a political column.

We have, on this accounting of liabilities and assets, a surplus of Johnson assets. In the conventional political analysis, LBJ shows form that should win two out of three. This is good in a business in which winning more than half the time gets you a medal. Remaining to be considered is an evaluation of the pieces used in the gaming operation.

Lyndon Johnson, throughout his career, has played all the pieces on the board—as occasion required. He has demonstrated, in the 1964 campaign, that he is capable of playing the game in its national dimension. Indeed, this arena is the one for which he has spent his life in preparation. There is little space here to enumerate all the special pieces used in the play, or the political values that attach to their successful manipulation, or the ways in which each piece may be played. There is room only to list the ways in which the most important pieces are being played.

Minorities are of first importance in the American political game, and have been since Andrew Jackson's Administration. The critical factor about a political minority is its unique discipline. It has a boss and the boss marches it to the polls. Roosevelt was the master of the modern game (although circumstances provided him with unprecedented opportunity). Kennedy demonstrated a consider-

O Brave New Word

The days are dead when journals said
Our troubles merely grow—
They *escalate*, as up-to-date
Newspaper readers know.

The simple phrases Fowler praises,
That Swift or Shaw inspire,
Seem so passé like Nineveh
And (naturally) Tyre.

My 'Daily Blat' I marvel at
With this one reservation:
They seem so loath to mention growth—
It's always escalation.

When Icarus made such a fuss
And flew that flight ill-fated,
Do you suppose he simply rose
Or, haply, escalated?

Why scratch your skull when feeling dull
In quest of *le mot juste*?
Don't hesitate—use *escalate*—
It's just been introduced.

So pundits great now escalate
In act to be our leaders;
They never bore the Editor
But only Constant Readers.

And, at the end, when I descend
To meet my bitter fate,
What sweet surprise if I should rise
Instead, and escalate!

James Tracy

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able talent for dealing with minorities. Johnson may be even more skillful.

The use of minorities is a matter of simple arithmetic. Ten states, with about twenty major metropolitan areas, are enough to win a Presidential election—35 million votes or more, and over half the electoral votes. If there are bloc-voting minorities in each of the major cities, i.e. a minority that votes 95 to 5 or better for one party, then the normal division in American elections (ranging from 60-40 to 50-50) can be offset and the bloc-voting minority will carry the state. This was true even in Roosevelt's era. It is much more conclusive today, now that some 25 million rural migrants have moved into the major cities. The most important of these recent bloc-voting constituencies are Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Mexicans—but the older minorities of the central cities still tend to follow the well-established voting habits of the Roosevelt era, although there has been significant attrition. LBJ achieved unexampled success in 1964 because of the discipline that obtained among these groups.

The *organization* is critical because control of the organization implies control of primary candidates as well as control of the bloc-voting minorities. LBJ doesn't want any easy riders in the organization and he will not relinquish a considerable measure of control over the organization. To do so would be to forfeit not only his considerable power in the Congress but also his influence with the minorities.

Lyndon Johnson's efforts to consolidate his control of state and city organizations may be without precedent since Caesar's time. The Great Society is an operation that aims at displacing the Kennedy organization in every state in the country—except possibly Massachusetts. New jobs at high prices have to be created and, characteristically, Sargent Shriver has been engaged to do just this. There is no irony here, just sound calculation. He that giveth may also take away. Soften the adversary.

The Department of Defense carries on the biggest business in the world. The economy program, so notably managed by Secretary McNamara, is the modern equivalent of the rack or the thumbscrew. About half the physical installations of the military services in the U.S. are surplus to the basic requirements of a strong force. Most of these could be eliminated without any adverse effect on military readiness, and if they were eliminated a great many more uniformed personnel would be associated with military combat units—with a substantial increase in the combat force. An inkling of this has already

appeared in Secretary McNamara's arrangement for uniformed personnel in the Pentagon to be replaced by civilians wherever possible. On the other hand, there are 535 members of Congress and every one of them will fight to prevent the liquidation of a military installation in his constituency. The possibilities of duress in such a situation have been fully realized and conspicuously exploited —particularly during the first Session of the 89th Congress.

The other operations available to an accomplished political operator are primarily those aimed at attracting professional minorities — educators, old folks, farmers, union members, corporate managers, bankers, the clergy, etc.—who tend to bow to the kind of political leadership that hears their complaints and provides them aid and comfort in the form of a program with public money attached to it. At the same time, LBJ woos the Liberals relentlessly; even though he recognizes that they are a feckless, impractical kind of people he does aim to assist them in their efforts to do good. LBJ is for beauty—and against pollution of the streams or the atmosphere. He is for home rule, self-determination—and against imperialism and foreign domination. He is for pure food and drugs—and against crippling antibiotics, dangerous insecticides, and radioactive fallout. He is for the oppressed—and against the oppressors. In a word, and on the record, he is a Liberal. Practically, he probably considers most Liberals, from Adlai Stevenson on down, a bunch of evangelical jerks. Eventually he will rid the entire executive establishment of this residue of the 1930s. He has to live with them —but he really likes the younger men, those who came of age in the 1940s and 1950s.

On this accounting, there are at least two ways of evaluating the issue of the game, and the condition of American civilization after LBJ. There are indeed as many ways as there are persons, but for practical purposes there will be two directions in which the kibitzer will lean: 1) in favor of the Pedernales protagonist, because of his unique technical qualifications, or 2) against the Pedernales protagonist for any number of reasons.

On balance, LBJ seems much more likely to assure the security of the U.S. than his predecessor. At least the troops so necessary to our security are being exercised and kept reasonably on their toes, and our adversaries have ceased to regard us as a paper tiger. On the other hand, there is an increasing amount of domestic disorder and, not unremarkably, precisely at a time when unity at home should be secure. Vietnam is, on any accounting, a major undertaking—a time when the ranks at home should be closed. The reverse is the case—there is discord on all issues, and increasing disorder. About the only event that could unite the people of the U.S. under the Johnson regime would be an attack on American soil—another Pearl Harbor.

Most of the game lies ahead: seven years more of LBJ. These are the critical years that involve the Western alliance, the economic viability of nations under excessive population pressures, and the acute division within the American Republic that has arisen from rapid urbanization and the decay of constitutional order. It is still too early in the game to come to any definitive conclusion, but the time has arrived for very close observation.

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The Third World War

Signs and Portents

JAMES BURNHAM

When Shakespeare's characters—reporting the sway of earth shaking like a thing unfirm, a tempest dropping fire, a lioness whelping in the streets, the bird of night hooting even at noon-day—take those prodigies to be portentous things unto the climate that they point upon, one's teacher explains that the author is expressing, or exploiting, for his dramatic purpose, the superstitions of his Elizabethan public. No doubt so, but of course history does furnish us with things portentous; if we read them rightly, of the climate to come.

Burnham

I have a number of times in this space referred to her habit of blazing her trail with symbols: the Emperor journeying to Canossa, or Chamberlain to Munich; Henry VIII choosing a lawyer as his Chancellor, or the Bolshevik sailors dissolving the Constituent Assembly; the Council of Nicaea irrevocably dividing over an *iota*, or the delegates to the Council of Constance deciding to vote "by nations." These portentous symbols present on their face the meaning of vast structures, conflicts and changes that can be lost in myopic analysis of causes and effects.

I was standing, a few weeks ago when the Great Blackout began, by a window high above Wall Street (aloft, that is, in a "skyscraper" . . . the name itself carrying the lineage back to that Tower planned to rise to Heaven). Watching the hand of darkness snuff out those giant torches raised from the immemorial granite to proclaim dominion over land, sea and air, the event defined itself immediately, ineluctably, as symbol. One somehow could not think, at first and primarily, of causal detail—of some colossal analogue of the blown fuse or crossed wire that the mind conjures up when the household lamps go dark. It was a question, here, of meaning.

For New York is not just one city among the others. New York is *The City*, the imperial city of Western civilization (and of industrial civilization, which extends beyond the West), the World City. And electricity is not just one form of energy among the rest. It is the fundamental form through which advanced industrial society operates, the blood in the arteries and veins ("Electricity + soviets," Lenin believed, "= Communism."). The flow stopped; *The City* was paralyzed; industrial civilization collapsed. Those hours were like those moments in a delicate surgical operation when the patient's pulse suddenly stops, and the doctors, without knowing what has happened, frantically massage heart muscles and turn oxygen valves. The heart started up again, of course, before major outward damage. (But how close to the brink it was! Within a few more hours, the food under refrigeration would have been ruined; there would have been no water flowing in buildings higher than six stories; heat would have gone from almost all buildings and homes. The access tunnels, without ventilation, were already closed. By another nightfall, the momentary popular euphoria would have shifted to panic; the fires, disorder, looting and violence would have begun.)

No Cause, My Lords

What had happened—in causal terms, that is? Nothing seems to have happened: nothing specific, no single thing that could be located and identified. This time (as the *New Yorker* mentioned) even "they" didn't know; and the mumbling reports subsequently published show "they" haven't found out. It was a "systemic dysfunction." That is: not any specific persons or things but the entire system fell flat on its face.

A month or so after it somehow managed to pick itself up again, the system has fallen once more, flat or very nearly so. The New York transit strike—once again it is *The City*—is also a "systemic dysfunction"—though in the social rather than technological dimension—rather than a specific dislocation. Mass transit is part of the essence of the megalopolis of the World City. To shut down *The City's* mass transit is *unthinkable*—literally unthinkable, because without mass transit *The City* cannot exist.

It is absurd to blame Mike Quill and his pals for this shutdown. Quill's putsch is possible only as a logical consequence of institutional and moral traits developed within the system. As a matter of fact, the union members have legitimate grievances and claims; nevertheless, *The City* and its society, if they were in health and vigor, would not permit its communications to be shut off. What is perhaps most revealing is the passivity of the populace, from top to bottom. For an entire week, not a single prominent voice summoned *The City* and its people to get out and start their transport rolling without waiting for Mike Quill's permission.

The Untouchables

It is unnecessary to stress the vulnerability exposed by these two events I have chosen as symbols. (Small wonder at "their" desperate efforts to negotiate nuclear disarmament!) But the revealed vulnerability is not alone or even in the first place to an external threat. The system itself—the system of centralized, intricately interdependent, industrial mass civilization—would seem to be internally vulnerable, would seem to generate from its own working its self-paralyzing poisons. These symbols point toward a possibility mentioned a good while ago, and lately recalled by one or two historians: that the lowly shall indeed inherit the earth; that what remains of the world after the full collapse of our structure will be in the hands of "the sub-tropical proletariat," whose daily miseries and occasional joys are untouched and untouchable by electricity blackout, transit stoppage or even nuclear mushroom.

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The Open Question

Again on Lincoln

FRANK S. MEYER

In his critique (*NR*, Sept. 21, 1965) of my discussion of Abraham Lincoln (*NR*, Aug. 24, 1965), Professor Harry Jaffa makes two major points. The first is that I am wrong in my interpretation of the American Constitution as establishing a government of sharply limited and radically divided powers with sovereignty settled in no single center. The second is that I have failed to understand that the concept of equality is central in the American tradition, and with this, that I have ignored Lincoln's role in the eradication of slavery. To this second indictment I plead guilty, and I shall return to a defense of my position after first considering Professor Jaffa's other major point.

What is at stake between us here is the 175-year-old dispute between the "loose constructionist" and the "strict constructionist" interpretations of the Constitution. Professor Jaffa is, of course, entitled to his loose-constructionist position; he has distinguished company, men so different in other respects as Alexander Hamilton, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson, Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson. It does seem rather odd to me, however, that, considering the honored antiquity of both positions, Professor Jaffa should imply that all constitutional tradition is on his side of the argument. Perhaps because (before a rather checkered political career) I was raised by an old-time strict-constructionist, tariff-for-revenue-only Democratic father, I had rather supposed that until the days of Franklin Roosevelt the strict-constructionist theory predominated in the tradition—although battered from time to time by the power grabs of an Andrew Jackson or an Abraham Lincoln.

The issue between the two interpretations of the Constitution is brought to a head by Professor Jaffa himself when he writes: "The principle of a free constitution rests not in any particular distribution of the powers of government, but in the recognition that *all* men have rights which *no* government should infringe." A happy thought—the only problem is what to do about government when a "particular distribution" of power lands all the power in the hands of a government that *does* "infringe." It is the genius of the American Constitution, understood as a constitution of radically divided powers (the strict-constructionist view) that it provides, for the first time in history, guarantees that no one shall have sufficient power to infringe upon the freedom of the individual person. Professor Jaffa's airy and cavalier lack of concern with how power is distributed leaves him with no defenses, except hope, against the innate tendency of government to concentrate power and to ride roughshod over the individual. It fully explains his admiration of Jackson, Lincoln, *et al.*

THE ESSENTIAL guarantee that power will remain divided is that sovereignty is divided; this was the tacit agreement on which the federal compact was achieved. And sovereignty in turn implies the right to secede. Only the concentration of all sovereignty in the national government could negate that right. On the other hand, an easy certainty of the exercise of that right could have led to an early loss of all the goods of federal union. The Constitution was silent on this issue precisely in order to maintain the tension between federal and state power—a tension which could be broken only by shattering the federal union or by so concentrating power at the center that separation of powers was fundamentally undermined—and with it the genius of the Constitution in its defense of liberty. This is what I meant when I wrote "until the Civil War no one knew whether a state could secede as its last sanction. . . ." Lincoln, in words and deeds, before and after his election, provoked and intensified a challenge to the tacit acceptance of tension, and thereby struck at the heart of the Constitution.

Professor Jaffa, since he regards the division of power as irrelevant to the "principle of a free constitution," does not begin to grasp the incalculable damage for which Lincoln is responsible. He brushes aside the gravamen of my contention and raises as the center of his defense of Lincoln the question of slavery, regarding it as astonishing that I did not deal with it in my treatment of Lincoln. I did not deal with it because both Lincoln himself and most of his defenders (including Professor Jaffa in this essay) deny that the abolition of slavery was ever Lincoln's intent. To this degree even they respect the settled doctrine of the Constitution that slavery was understood by all parties to be the province solely of the several sovereign states.

The moral objections to slavery are manifold and I fully share Professor Jaffa's sorrow at its historical existence in the United States. But Professor Jaffa, ignoring all the unexceptional moral grounds for the hatred of slavery, chooses to base his critique of American slavery on the proposition that the American polity is in its essence dedicated to equality—and to center his vindication of Lincoln on Lincoln's role as the champion of equality. Nothing in my opinion could be further from the truth than this view of the American polity. The freedom of the individual person from government, not the equality of individual persons, is the central theme of our constitutional arrangements. Nor is this merely a matter of two different emphases. Freedom and equality are opposites; the freer men are the freer they are to demonstrate their inequality, and any political or social attempt—like those so frequent in the twentieth century—to enforce equality leads inevitably to the restrictions and the eventual destruction of freedom.

When I write of equality, I am not, of course, speaking metaphysically or theologically of the innate worth of every human being in the eyes of God; and I would always affirm the principle of equality before the law and before government. The quality which I regard as the opposite of freedom is the abstract, overarching, unmodified concept Professor Jaffa employs. The ideological drive to enforce such equality upon men, always

(Continued on p. 85)

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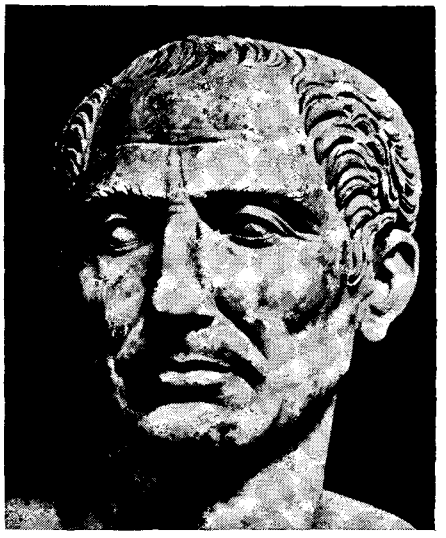
The Onset of Empire

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

FEW INDEED among today's military historians and analysts have earned a higher reputation for original thinking and clear-cut exposition than J.F.C. Fuller. His foresight did much to develop the armored fighting vehicles which were the key to the ground campaigns of World War II, and would have come into useful application in World War I much earlier and at vast savings of human life had Fuller been listened to. His understanding of the basic relation between the military and the political object in war has occasioned comparisons between Fuller and Clausewitz, the Prussian military savant: but for today's purposes this reviewer has consistently found Fuller far more useful than Clausewitz because his ideas are not hidden in turgid prose and a thicket of abstractions.

Yet somehow in this survey of Julius Caesar as "man, soldier and tyrant" your reviewer cannot quite feel that Fuller has made his point. He presents his book as "a study of the power politics of an extraordinary man, who first as a demagogue of reckless ambition won over the rabble of Rome, and then as a soldier who looked upon war as a political instrument, with matchless boldness made himself *tyrant* of the Roman world: a world which in classical times denoted the irregular way in which political power was gained—whether by fraud or force—rather than the way in which it was exercised. Today it is called 'Caesarism,' and once again it is troubling the world." There is a contradiction here which is confusing, for Caesarism in its modern application is defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as "the system of absolute government founded by Caesar"—in other words, precisely as the way power is exercised rather than the way it was gained.



Fuller begins with a brief and brilliant review of the deterioration of the governmental processes of the Roman Republic during the century between the end of the Punic wars in 146 B.C. (which established Rome as mistress of the Mediterranean world) and Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon in 49 B.C. (which committed him to seize supreme power through civil war or perish in the attempt).

Julius Caesar—Man, Soldier and Tyrant, **by Major General J. F. C. Fuller. Rutgers University Press, $7.50**

That the institutions of the Republic were fatally unequal to the administration of an empire is made clear beyond all argument. The basic problem was military. The old consular armies — actually a conscript militia whose fidelity to the Republic was assured by restricting military service to property owners—could not meet the long-service requirements of guarding far-flung frontiers.

Caesar did not create this "system," if so it can be called; he complied with its requirements until he became strong enough to destroy it, as our author makes clear. To do otherwise would have been to abandon all hope of serving the Roman state, which he felt himself uniquely qualified to do. Fuller recoils from this spectacle, as one might expect of a British officer of the twentieth century; but a historian should be capable of understanding that ambition combined with the supreme self-confidence which he rightly ascribes to Caesar might well lead a Roman of the first century to accept the view that the end justifies the only means available for its accomplishment.

It is even more difficult to go along with Fuller's comparison of Caesar and Oliver Cromwell, in which he concludes that each of these generals, having attained supreme power, "was at a loss to know what to do with it." This is surely not true of Caesar, who was murdered before he had opportunity to do much more than consolidate his domestic situation. Fuller compares him to Augustus, to his disadvantage, since Augustus found the answer to establishing one-man rule on a relatively permanent basis; but who is to say that Caesar, too, might not have done so, given time, though perhaps in his own way?

Fuller's account of Caesar's greatest military accomplishment — the conquest of Gaul—is splendidly written military history though it is told all in one narrative, whereafter the author goes back to the beginning and recounts the political maneuvers which Caesar was meanwhile conducting in Rome by remote control. This is also confusing, since the two fields of endeavor were intimately connected in Caesar's mind. Caesar, observes the German historian Theodor Mommsen, "as distinct from his biographers, regarded the subjugation of Gaul not as an incidental enterprise useful for gaining the crown, but as one on which depended his country's external security and internal reorganization—in short, its future."

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Our own great naval historian, Alfred Thayer Mahan, makes an observation (in his book *The Problem of Asia*) of great present-day interest. He notes the ultimate necessity of taking the long view regarding the entry of China into full participation in world affairs, in which he advises watchfulness "to see that nothing unduly sudden or extreme occurs—nothing revolutionary; that there shall be gained time, the great element of safety, by the operation of which transformation is retarded into evolution." He compares this need with the entry of the Teutonic genius into the Roman civilization, "not by sudden convulsion, but through a protracted process of development. . . . That the result was thus happily protracted was due to the foresight—the long view — of Caesar; partial, doubtless, even in so great a man, but seeing nevertheless unto conviction, from afar, the dangers that the conditions foretold, and turning his attention with the intuition of genius to the provision of a barrier, by advancing the borders and consolidating the outworks of the Roman state, until positions were held which should insure delay—the primary, although not the final, aim of all defensive dispositions."

This was what Caesar foresaw, however dimly, as Gaul's relation to Rome's future; the Western world owes a notable debt to that postponement of the Dark Ages for a handful of centuries which was the result of his efforts. Today the people of the United States, advancing their borders across the Pacific and consolidating their outworks, face problems not dissimilar, with no clearer vision than Caesar's twenty centuries ago—but, we may hope, with instincts equally serviceable. We too must think, if not of the problems of empire then of the no less vexatious problems of world responsibilities without imperial authority. No American can read General Fuller's lively account of Caesar's career without making some constructive comparisons in his own mind.

The Compleat Bureaucrat

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THE MOST startling thing about Gordon Tullock's *The Politics of Bureaucracy* is its approach. "For a number of the assertions that will be made in this book," the author says, "the supporting evidence must be found in the mind of the reader. That is to say, instead of presenting concrete evidence, I shall try to convince the skeptical reader by appealing to his own intuition and experience." This is "unscientific" according to all the modern prejudices against employing old-fashioned "understanding" in exploring our world. But in the hands of a man who has ordinary common sense, which Tullock has in abundance, it yields results that are often superior to anything that can be arrived at by using such fashionable approved devices as statistical manipulation. After all, it takes "understanding" to correlate statistics, and the use of "understanding" *tout court* may be merely a refreshing way of presenting a building without a lot of ugly scaffolding.

The Politics of Bureaucracy, by Gordon Tullock. Public Affairs Press, $4.50

Professor Tullock's thesis, reduced to bare essentials, is that bureaucratic success generally comes to the man who is most skillful in pleasing the "sovereign" or, in case of lines of multiple responsibility, a number of sovereigns. Thus the ambitious careerist in a bureau will be inclined to short-cut morality, or to "yes" the boss, or to seek a judicious balance between flattery and performance. Deserting his own primary method at times, Professor Tullock does give examples from history to sustain his case. But the examples are skimpy, and the reviewer must pick up the Tullock dare about consulting intuition and experience in judging the book.

So here goes. My own experience with governmental bureaucracy, as distinguished from such journalistic bureaucracies as the *New York Times* and the Luce Empire, was limited to a short *per diem* stretch with the Wild Bill Donovan wartime organization when it was known as the COI (for Co-ordinator of Information). As a *per diem* consultant I was outside the bureucratic hassle, but I had a good vantage point for observation. Professor Tullock's theory did not hold good for everybody in the Donovan bureau in those pre-OSS days of early 1942. There were professors, such as Ed Mason of Harvard, whose only ambition was to help win the war and get back to their university careers. There were magazine editors, such as Hank Brennan of *Fortune*, who couldn't have cared less about bureaucratic protocol. (One proof was that Brennan had hired me.) Finally, there was a curious crew that I had known in New York in the days when the Popular Front with the Communists was conquering the publishing world. There was the publisher of *Friday* Magazine; there was an ex-editor of the Viking Press. They wanted to win the war; partly because they were serious in being anti-Nazi, but also because Russia was on "our side." Bill Donovan, knowing he could get devoted work out of them, let them have their heads.

None of these people conformed to Professor Tullock's idea of a "typical" bureaucrat. But the point is that neither the professors nor the journalists nor the Soviet sympathizers cared about building permanent careers in government. Down below the "birds of passage" there were the truly bureaucratic legions. I remember one fellow, a government statistician, who spent much of his time trying to figure out who would land in top positions in the shuffle that was to turn the COI into the OSS. He wanted to be "in" with the survivors.

My own "intuition and experience," then, tells me that Professor Tullock has written a book that explains much without explaining everything. Clearly, he tags the run-of-the-mill bureaucrats for what they are. But when he comes up against the phenomenon of a State Department "middle echelon" that resisted John Foster Dulles' hard line during the Eisenhower Administration, he has to fall back on ideas about size outrunning control and on the notion that the boys were still being loyal to the memory of "Baron" Dean Acheson. This doesn't quite cover the case. For better or worse, the soft-liners were dug in to resist the new "sovereign" on purely ideological grounds. A sort of civil liberties blackmail protected them. Yet even under Dulles they were also bent on

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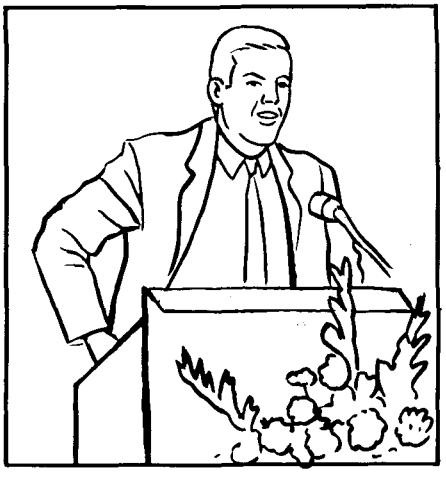

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advancing their careers. And they lasted into the days of Kennedy and Johnson.

The point, I suppose, is that men are complex and the assumed tides of history can move people even against their own career "self-interest." Professor Tullock does not deny this; "giant social aggregates," he says, can become havens of "bureaucratic free enterprise." But, like any good system-maker, he has to let "normative" blocks build his "models." "Supply and demand" curves distort the actual process of buying and selling, but economics professors still find them useful to make valid "normative" points. Similarly, the Tullock "curves" of bureaucratic behavior don't explain the three-ring circus that Henry Wallace once presided over in an absent-minded way in the Department of Agriculture. But, "normatively" speaking, Professor Tullock has written a good book. Incidentally, he has made out a wonderful case for government to do less than it now attempts.

Science Fiction

Fine Fat Packages

THEODORE STURGEON

SHERBOURNE Press is a new small publisher on the West Coast, and if *The Pseudo-People* can be taken as evidence, the house is lively, professional, and prepared to be generous. Edited by William F. Nolan, who has some stature in the literature of auto racing and show business as well as in science fiction, the book is one of a handful which have appeared in the past twenty years or so which combine a genuine love for the *genre* with a certain scholarly approach. In the process, Nolan affords us a thick clutch of good reading from a truly amazing variety of sources — established masters like Bradbury and Matheson, brand-new authors like Dennis Etchison and Shelly Lowenkopf; stories from the major magazines, but also from some of the early and short-lived ones, as well as originals written especially for this book; copyrights from 1946 to 1965; lengths from short-short up to novella-size; content from amusing whimsy to suspense-drama and the kind of hard-core sociological thinking occasionally found in the best science fiction; and as a bonus, a long and carefully-compiled bibliography of robot stories. There is also an introduction by A. E. van Vogt.

The Pseudo-People, edited by Wm. F. Nolan. Sherbourne Press, $4.50

Three by Heinlein. Doubleday, $5.95

Analog 3, edited by John W. Campbell. Doubleday. $4.50

Spectrum 4, edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50

The Anything Box, by Zenna Henderson. Doubleday, $3.95

This is the first anthology ever devoted exclusively to the android, which differs from the robot in that it exactly resembles a human being. Nolan has some points to make about the special compulsion of the android idea, makes them lucidly in his prefaces, and illustrates them by his selections. All in all, *The Pseudo-People* is a gratifying package.

Speaking of packages, Heinlein's *Waldo* (about a genius with *myaesthenia gravis,* who lives in a satellite where his almost useless muscles can function) and *Magic Inc.* (a superbly logical fantasy-adventure), are yet again in print in the same volume; but this time with the sizable novel *The Puppet Masters.* The latter is Heinlein at his strongest, swiftest, all-around best, and you are counseled not to start this one if you have any other plans at the time, for you are not going to put it down until you have finished it.

Analog 3, like its predecessors, is an anthology of stories from a single source, *Analog Science Fiction—Science Fact,* chosen by its editor from the recent crop. Most of these have 1965 copyrights (though one, I think, is as early as '63), and they afford a good sampling of what has become of what was once *Astounding Stories.* A good proportion of the contents of this magazine has always been what one might call the guided

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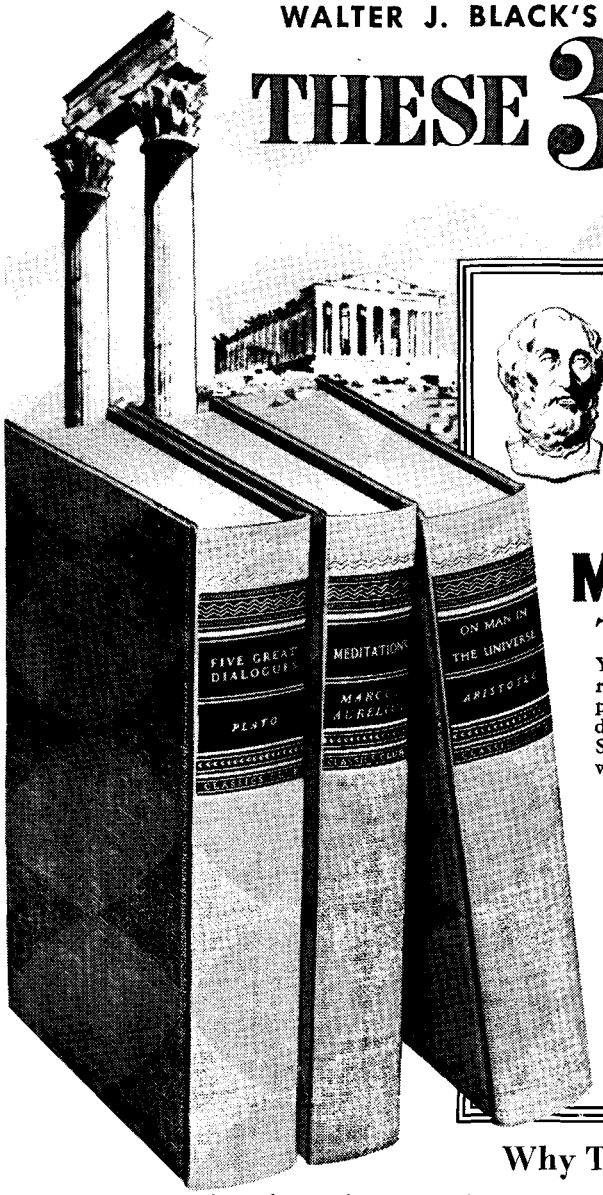

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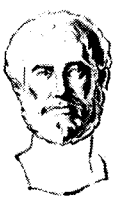

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missive, the guiding mechanism being John Campbell, and this is not, nor since 1938 or so has it been, an adverse criticism. *Astounding* and *Analog* have always been, since then, Campbell's personal products and stand or fall on that fact. Mostly they stand. There are two categories of people who will enjoy this book—those who don't know what *Analog* is all about, and those who do.

Spectrum 4 is the latest from the British team of Amis and Conquest, which begins well by forgoing the usual prolixity on "current trends in and around science fiction" but takes a pace backward by transcribing a taped interview of Kingsley Amis playing one-ups with Brian Aldiss and the late C. S. Lewis. For all its bad icing, however, this is mighty good cake, with Kornbluth's *The Marching Morons* and *The Secret Songs* by Fritz Leiber, and welcome slices of Damond Knight, Christofer Anvil, Allan Danzig (with a "non-fact" article about "The Great Nebraska Sea") and others. Worth twice the price: *Such Stuff,* by John Brunner. There's also Cordwainer Smith's *Shayol* story.

We all, I think, keep a category of favorite but little-known or forgotten works which "nobody has read but me." (Chief among my own, *The Charwoman's Shadow,* by Lord Dunsany, *The Pearl of Love* by H. G. Wells, *The Black Mate,* by Joseph Conrad, *The Garden of Plynck* by Karl Baker Eddy.) Then there's *Anything Box,* by Zenna Henderson, one of the tenderest and most moving stories ever to appear in a science fiction magazine or, indeed, anywhere else; and it is a pleasure to announce its appearance in Miss Henderson's first collection, as the title story. There is a good deal to be enjoyed in the book, in spite of the author's penchant for the sentimental—but then, it's honest sentiment. But oh! that *Anything Box* . . .!

Reform or Tinkering?

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ROBERT ROOSA is a serious monetary technician who possesses undeniable skill within his specialty. As Under Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs from 1961 to 1965, he distinguished himself as an inventive and keen manipulator of the tools of monetary management. It is he for whom the Roosa Bonds are named, because he invented that particular form of repudiation of the dollar. Now back in private life, he brings out a detailed plan for "reform" which turns out to be as brilliant, subtle, and narrow as the author himself.

Monetary Reform for the World Economy, by Robert V. Roosa. Harper, $3.95

It is the narrowness that puzzles me. Mr. Roosa shares with all the other monetary thinkers a seeming inability to observe the vast paradoxes they are stuck with. For instance, Mr. Roosa devotes several passages of the present book to superlative praise of the current international monetary system; at one point, the victim of the old *post hoc* trap, he even asserts that the mid-century growth of international trade is *caused* by the monetary system. But if all this is so, why is reform necessary? No comment.

Again, Mr. Roosa rises to Edwardian summits of complacency about the strength of the "strong central dollar," and strives at the start to point to All Those who need reform, not the dollar. But later he says the dollar is no longer viable currency ("dollar viability must be re-established"). How can he have it both ways? The Shadow knows: heh heh heh.

Finally, Mr. Roosa floats Keynesian clouds of disdain for anyone who would hold gold. Such folk are "schizophrenic" in Roosa's eyes. Gold is the barbarous relic, the silly old superstition, the peasant's delight. We have heard it all before, but we have never heard these experts answer the question: Why, gentlemen, do you central bankers insist upon maintaining a monopoly of gold? If it is so silly, why do you sweat for it, write laws to deny it to others, castigate de Gaulle for buying it? Silence.

THE ROOSA BONDS were designed to serve as a substitute for gold in paying foreigners who held and still hold an embarrassing quantity of claims against the U.S. gold reserve. Now Mr. Roosa has written a book to provide for a *shortage* of banking reserves among our trading partners, which shortage is to come about as a result of our achieving payments

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balance (highly unlikely, barring cataclysmic changes now unforeseeable). His plan is of interest to technicians in the matter, although the broad outline should be published. The International Monetary Fund would serve as agent to collect currency and gold from any nations wishing to volunteer; which reserves would be pooled and then made available, according to formulas not yet determined, to the contributing nations in the form of Fund Units, each of which, theoretically, would be a "bouquet" of currencies; which could be used in central bank reserves, official payments, and some other circumstances. . .

Why this technical morass? Assuming the need for new reserves, this seems a roundabout stratagem. Mr. Roosa lays down the requirements of a new reserve money as follows. 1) It should be operationally interchangeable with all national currencies. 2) It should be convertible into gold or equivalent to gold. 3) It should contribute to monetary stability ("maintenance of the system of fixed parities for rates of exchange"?). 4) It should contribute to balance-of-payments discipline. 5) It should not disrupt present national monetary systems. 6) It should harmonize with the present IMF system of making and receiving payments. 7) It should not unsettle present currency usage in foreign trade. 8) It should be fully acceptable among the bankers, traders, and governments of the world.

Now that's a fairly complete list of requirements for a good international money, and the interesting thing is that we already have the perfect answer. Gold will meet those requirements with no difficulty at all. The astonishing thing is that Mr. Roosa and almost all of his colleagues merely ignore gold, or call it names, and do not rise to its very serious challenge.

The truth of the matter is that the monetary system in the years after 1914 has been in decay. What we have now is a modification of the system installed after 1918. Its fundamental flaw is that it allows nations to inflate far beyond the point where gold would have cracked the whip (see Palyi, *Managed Money at the Crossroads,* and A. J. Brown, *The Great Inflation 1939-1951*). It has allowed the U.S. to rack up deficits year after year in the domestic budget and in foreign payments, to lose gold and borrow foreign exchange year after year, to issue inflationary notes and bonds and currency year after year—until, now, the neck begins to understand somewhat of the tensile strength of rope. At this point in history Mr. Roosa's tricky transmogrifications of paper into money are little better than tinkering, mere gadgeteering, with a machine that needs major overhaul. In this case the major overhaul amounts to a radical criticism of the present gold-exchange standard as subscribed by the IMF, and a serious consideration, by our money managers, of the very great claims that can be made for gold as the only international money.

Random Notes

● THRILLS AND CHILLS: Avon is gradually reprinting all ten of Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries. Two are already on the stands; rest will follow at two- or three-month intervals. . . . In the shops are the first three titles in Norton's "Seagull Library of Mystery and Suspense," a series of $3.95 hardcover reprints: Arthur Machen's *The Terror* (1917), Edgar Wallace's *The Green Archer* (1924), and R. Austin Freeman's *The Singing Bone* (1932). Set to follow soon are *Death Walks in Eastrepps* by Francis Beeding, David Garnett's *Lady Into Fox* and *The Man in the Corner* by Baroness Orczy. . . . Bantam has new editions of Eric Ambler's novels, handsomely jacketed, on paperback racks; also *The Lottery and Other Stories* by the late Shirley Jackson.

● RESTLESS NIGHTS AHEAD: ABC drops *Shindig I, Amos Burke* and *The King Family;* maybe also *Shindig II* and *O.K. Crackerby; Long Hot Summer* may go twice-weekly half-hour; midseason replacements are *Batman* (starring Adam West), and a *Get-Smart*-ish spy spoof called *Leadfinger*. . . . And next season? Dick Clark is developing a comedy-Western series, *The Tumbleweed Boys,* for NBC. . . . Sparked by success of *The Beatles,* Hanna-Barbera plan a similar half-hour cartoon series featuring a pop-rock group. . . . Similar, but with Real People, will be *The Happeners,* hour series about a Peter-Paul-Mary type group set for ABC. . . . Big trend may be to serials based on ultra-successful films. *Written on the Wind* is in the works for CBS; also in the pilot stage are *The Big Country, From Here to Eternity, East of Eden, The Mouse that Roared, Dial M for Murder* and *Three Coins in the Fountain.* Fetch me another beer, love.

● MOVIE MEANDERINGS: Herbert Biberman, charter member of the Hollywood Ten, emerges from hibernation with his 1953 *Salt of the Earth,* just over a delayed first run at New York's Fifth Avenue Cinema. He's also peddling, for independent production, a screenplay based on *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Does this indicate a retreat to "safe" protest? . . . Ready for the cameras in Belgrade is Dylan Thomas' only screenplay, *The Devils.* Latest addition to the cast is Laurence Harvey; also included are Susannah York and Geraldine Chaplin. Gore Vidal, alas, did the final screenplay. . . . Producer Martin Rackin plans a lavish color film for Theodore Dreiser's *The Titan,* which he recently bought. . . . Roman Polanski (*Repulsion*) is reported to have made deals for two as yet undisclosed films to be done in this country. . . . In case you overlooked it, Sophia Loren's been signed to star in *Casino Royale,* only Bond flick not to be made by Feldman-Broccoli. Playing James himself will be, yes, that's right, honest, Peter Sellers. . . . Horrorman William Castle starts *Let's Kill Uncle* for Universal in December. Set for the cast is Mary Badham, who played that little girl in *To Kill a Mockingbird.* . . . *Playtime,* Jacques Tati's newest, concerns tourists who find Paris indistinguishable from L.A. or anyplace else, until they meet up with M. Hulot.

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Men and Manners

The Dilke Puzzle

SIR SHANE LESLIE

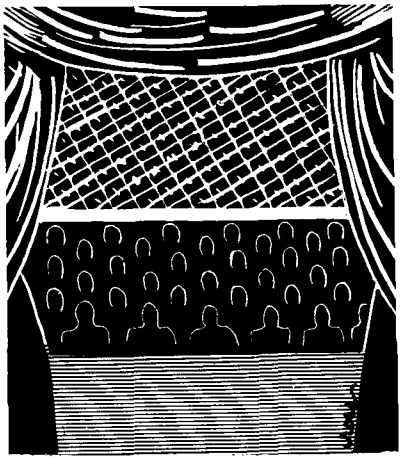
A PLAY, *The Right Honorable Gentleman,* which has run over a year in London and is currently running in New York, and a new book, *Victorian Scandal,* by Roy Jenkins (Chilmark, $7.95), both concern the Dilke divorce case which arose in the English Courts in 1885, staggered the course of English politics, and has caused reverberations ever since.

The case was tried twice. In the first trial Mr. Crawford MP demanded a divorce from his wife Virginia, *née* Smith, naming as her guilty paramour Sir Charles Dilke. Dilke was dismissed from the case with costs in his favor, but by a true British compromise Mr. Crawford was awarded his divorce from his wife. This was a puzzle to the public then and really ever since. Dilke, on advice of his counsel (who included the future Chief Justice Russell), had not entered the witness box.

At any rate Dilke felt he could proceed on his career which had reached a very exciting and important corner. He was not only in Gladstone's cabinet but was already pointed to as his successor. All eyes befell him, and the public, both Conservative and Liberal, asked rather loudly why Dilke had not entered the box. Even if he had not tampered with Mrs. Crawford's fidelity, there must be awkward questions (apart from the mere adultery) which his counsel had allowed him to flinch. In an ordinary case it would not have mattered, for no one would have cared. But the Nonconformist conscience and the Conservative Party, for different reasons, cared a great deal.

They cared a great deal—the Nonconformists (Wesleyans, etc.) because they believed they could keep divorce out of public life at that time, and the Conservatives because they saw a chance to smash a dangerous rival. A lady then living in India (the widow of an Oxford head) also cared a great deal, for she very courageously cabled the announcement of her engagement to Dilke to the *London Times.* These complications forced Dilke to appeal for a second trial at which he could be brought into the witness box. He was now at a disadvantage, and though the questions he dreaded were not asked, a mass of evidence (some of it false and even outrageous) was brought and he lost the case and his seat for Chelsea and all chance of joining Gladstone's next cabinet.

Dilke was expected to disappear, but he continued to deny that he had committed adultery with Mrs. Crawford. However, he had been accused in court of every kind of depravity, including the rare and rather difficult achievement of taking two ladies to bed simultaneously. In the fierce tide of gossip which pervaded Society he was accused rather mysteriously of making love in a Gallic manner rather than in the good old British way. As a result Dilke and his new wife were not only cut, but outcast from what was then called decent Society. Nevertheless his friends rallied round him and formed a society to challenge the accusations. In time a great many of them were proved false, but Dilke



never went to court again. He returned to the House of Commons, elected by the working men of the Forest of Dean, but though Edward VII tried to bring him into the cabinet formed by Campbell-Bannerman, he failed.

Dilke died shortly before the First War. By then he had been forgotten. The famous trials were resurrected by his niece, who inherited his papers. Her two-volume biography referred very shortly to the main happening on which his whole life and career had turned. This good lady, Miss Tuckwell, made the mistake of treating him as a Sir Galahad, which he certainly was not.

Plays and books have been devoted to the greater and more resounding cases of Oscar Wilde or Captain Dreyfus, and in these the Day of Judgment has no more to offer; but Cardinal Manning, who was behind the scenes of the Dilke case, always said that the truth about it could never be revealed until the Day of Judgment. He had some reason to say so. He was a friend and correspondent of Dilke and eventually he received Mrs. Crawford into the Catholic Church, where she disappeared from the public eye into a life of good works. But her word had wrecked the career of this leading statesman of the eighties. Was it perjured or not?

There are many explanations, but none are without defect. I venture to offer some reminiscences on the subject. When writing the life of Cardinal Manning, I came across Dilke's personal letters to the Cardinal. In youth I was a friend of J. E. C. Bodley, the historian of France, who had been Dilke's faithful secretary for sixteen years. His career had naturally been wrecked with Dilke's, and he had left England. He had sat through both trials and was willing to talk at length on what he believed was the Serpent in the Garden. I also knew Mr. Matthews, who attacked Dilke in the second trial and could be violently voluble at the tea table. He became Lord Llandaff and was made Home Secretary under Lord Salisbury.

I was bewildered by their reminiscences, fascinating though they were. Mr. Bodley insisted that his own room in Dilke's house in Sloane Street opened on the stairs. Here he worked every day and never could Mrs. Crawford have passed upstairs without crossing his vision. How was it that in the witness box she could describe objects in that room apparently with accuracy?

Mr. Bodley believed that the awkward questions which Dilke was afraid to meet referred not to Virginia Crawford but to her mother, Mrs. Smith. This old lady had been Dilke's mistress soon after he left Cambridge.

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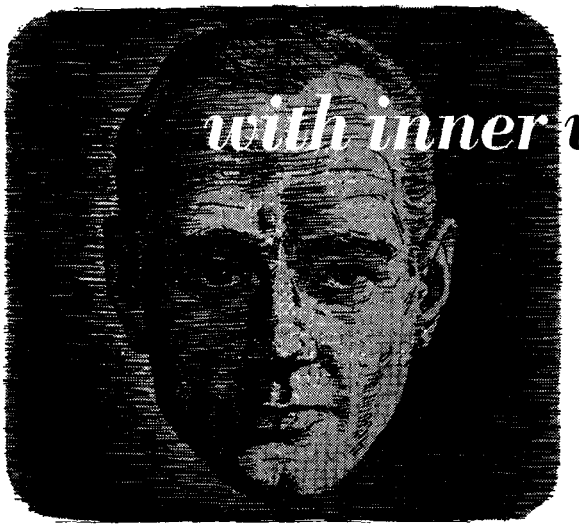
Of this there was no doubt. He left her to marry his first wife. After giving him a boy, the wife unfortunately died. When Dilke, years later, found himself as a bachelor closing on the premiership, Mrs. Smith turned up again. Of this we are told nothing certain in the trials or in Dilke's papers. It may be presumed, and by Mr. Bodley was more than suspected, that Mrs. Smith saw the chance of playing a part behind the throne either as his renewed mistress or even as a wife. Dilke rejected her with presumed fury.

This is the clue given and acted in *The Right Honorable Gentleman*. The play is grimly reminiscent and even accurate on the whole, but it leaves no explanation—and the part of Mrs. Smith (under another name) has been taken by an overwhelmingly beautiful woman. All traditional accounts recall Mrs. Smith as an ambitious elderly hag. In any case it may be assumed that she lived for revenge and secured it through her daughter. Perhaps Cardinal Manning knew the truth. He had received Mrs. Crawford into his Church, but it is not known if he had heard her confession. Could she have taken up a life of good works after leaving Dilke socially damned?

Perhaps the playwrights must be left, instead of the biographers, to make an aperture through the tangle.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GOD WE SEEK, by Paul Weiss (Southern Illinois, $5.50). You have to grant Paul Weiss one thing: he sure can count. *His Modes of Being* was a kind of "four quartets" of metaphysics, each of the four "modes" infinitely subdividing and correlating with the other three. So here. We are given precisely fifteen—count 'em—fifteen ways of making contact with God. But this is only the beginning. One of the ways is "experience," which has to be sliced four ways according to the recipient (is it focal or peripheral, mine or not-mine, private or public, episodic or constant?) and four ways according to content (material, deontic, intensional, formal). The divisions are dizzying, and arbitrary; announced rather than argued to. This is unfortunate. It gives the book the appearance of a



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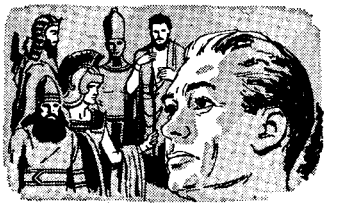

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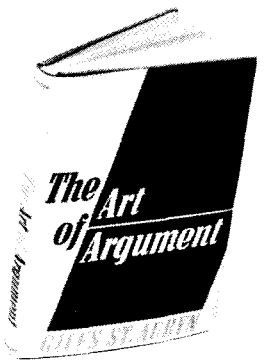

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subtle but futile game. Yet if one eludes, for a page or two, the constricting meshes of mechanical system, parts of the book stand out as percipient essays on religious experience. Weiss might make a good Montaigne if he were not so busy trying to be Hegel.

G. WILLS

MARILYN: THE TRAGIC VENUS, by Edwin P. Hoyt (Duell, $5.95). The 1962 death of Marilyn Monroe, says Hoyt, left an "indictment of humanity's progressive inhumanity." Miss Monroe was, he tells us, a "natural," an innocent genius contending, unsuccessfully, with the corrupting pressures of society. This appears to be the definitive shape of the Marilyn myth which has been a-building since the actress' apparent suicide (a verdict Hoyt contests) four years ago. On Hoyt's showing, the evidence to support it is slender. Miss Monroe's photogenic qualities were sufficient to account for the appeal of her movies, which seldom exhibited anything akin to the "genius" being claimed for her. That she had an innocence of sorts despite Mr. Hoyt's tireless chronicle of promiscuity is apparent, but that fact has no conclusive bearing on her emotional disintegration and death. Endowed with equal parts of magnetism and neurosis, encouraged by various satellites and admirers to believe she could be something other than a movie princess, she shipwrecked her career and lost an already tenuous hold on the real life she had submerged in Hollywood. Thus the final retreat to alcohol and sleeping pills. Since the exact reasons for her death are still a mystery, that explanation is no doubt too simple as well as too prosaic; but it fits the available data a good deal better than the unsupported notion of ethereal genius thwarted by the malevolence of the system.

M. S. EVANS

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN, by Alfred M. Lilienthal (Devin-Adair, $6.50). This book winds up a trilogy that began with *There Goes the Middle East* and *What Price Israel?* As in the earlier volumes, Mr. Lilienthal is much concerned with American-Arab relations as they are affected by Zionist and "Israelist" pressures on the State Department as well as on the American people generally. To help redress the balance he has written *The Other* [Arab] *Side of the Coin* which argues for better public relations by pro-Arab groups in America. Mr. Lilienthal is convinced that what the Arabs need most, what Gamal Abdel Nasser needs most of all, is "to hire the most skilled public relations counsel in the world." While one can easily agree that "skilled public relations" may provide the proper gloss for the Egyptian head of state, it does not explain how *that* would serve the best interests of American policy. What gives this book the only interest it possesses is that it offers a "final settlement" of the Israel-Arab conflict. Here the author proposes a three-point plan, part one of which would depend on creating an "atmosphere of peace" in the area. How this "atmosphere" is to be created would depend in large measure on the successful implementation of points two and three which call for the removal of "up to 850,000 Israelis," these to be replaced with an equal number of Arab refugees. Only Jews with a European background would be asked to depart, leaving behind the "Oriental Jews." These latter would then join with their "Oriental" Arab and Christian brothers to re-organize the present state of Israel in their own Levantine image. What if the Jews refuse to leave? And how will "peace" be achieved by creating new refugees for old, and dismembering Israel as it exists today?

M. GELTMAN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Jan. 11)

NEW YORK NEWS: BOBBY AND HIS BLOOD

If you feel strongly enough for the enemy to give him a pint of your blood every ninety days or so, then . . . why not . . . join its armed forces? Bobby Kennedy is young, strong, and virile, and financially able to provide for his wife and nine children while he is away at war.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

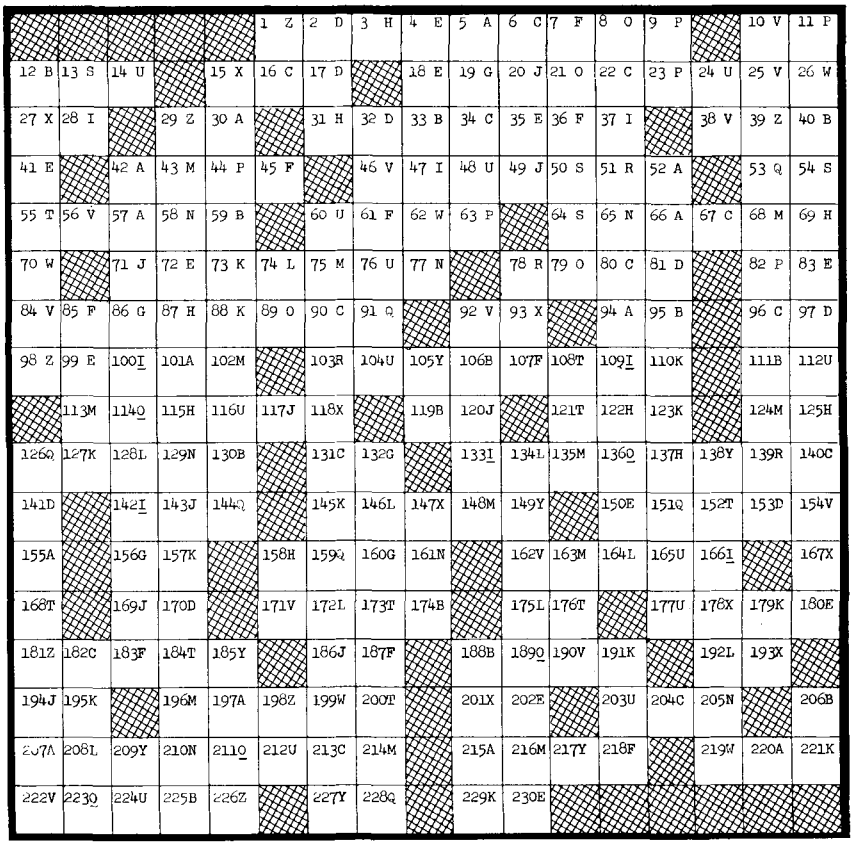
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tree with slender, pendent branches (2 wds.)	5 220 207 52 57 155 42 215 94 66 / 101 30 197
B. State of being observant	12 111 130 225 174 188 119 40 33 206 / 59 95 106
C. Type of psychological examination (2 wds.)	22 131 6 140 90 16 34 80 96 204 / 67 182 213
D. What Yankees were, with or without the Babe	32 97 170 81 2 17 141 153
E. Retrospective (Latin phrase)	41 83 150 4 180 230 202 99 72 35 / 18
F. What most people are (hyph.)	61 7 218 45 36 107 187 85 183
G. What the acrobat does for the drinks	132 86 156 19 160
H. What the President's first two initials do not stand for	158 137 115 122 69 3 125 87 31
I. A colorless, gaseous, unsaturated hydrocarbon	166 142 133 28 109 37 100 47
J. A daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra	169 20 143 186 117 49 120 194 71
K. State of being meek, stupid, or timid	179 73 88 110 221 229 127 145 191 123 / 157 195
L. Dog whose bite is worse than his bark	208 172 74 175 128 134 192 146 164

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Recently popular saying (3 wds.)	216 148 124 135 102 68 75 163 214 113 / 196 43
N. The periodical sessions of certain judges in England (Earl Warren would fit)	65 161 205 129 58 77 210
O. Confederates can't work here (2 wds.)	79 89 223 8 114 211 189 21 136
P. Acts (slang)	82 9 44 23 11 63
Q. Football and court official	126 91 228 144 53 151 159
R. Type of poetry	139 103 51 78
S. A fast time	50 54 13 64
T. A yeoman of the royal guard, England	108 173 176 168 184 55 121 200 152
U. Producing eggs which hatch within the parent's body (new word to me, too)	112 48 60 76 203 224 212 177 116 165 / 104 24 14
V. Annual that just appeared (2 wds.)	171 154 222 38 46 92 56 10 162 25 / 190 84
W. What horses take you for	199 26 219 62 70
X. A chisel for dividing bone (sounds like a book about bones)	201 93 15 118 167 27 178 147 193
Y. Unity, identity	227 138 209 149 217 105 185
Z. To interpose between parties as the equal friend of each	98 181 226 39 198 29 1

See page 82 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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DOMINICAN MEDICARE

(Continued from p. 66)

moves around among the different parties, politely but futilely asking them to keep it down to a dull roar and watch it with the bloodstains on the carpet, please.

Actually, DR is just a neighbor, not any particular friend of mine, but it seems a peculiar form of treatment, and I can't help remembering that other neighbor, Cuba, who walked into the Center a little sick, and came out in a box. Then there is the additional realization that, as a member of that select group, the World's Most Squeezable Taxpayers, I can expect to foot the bill for the entire performance, including salary checks for people who are murdering their way in my direction.

MEYER

(Continued from p. 71)

unequally endowed, is the primrose path to tyranny.

Professor Jaffa's Lincoln is the champion of equality. The Lincoln of whom I originally wrote is the creator of concentrated national power, the President who shattered the constitutional tension. They are one and the same man.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 50)

the Sorensen effort.

For instance, where lies the contradiction in being a "ful-fledged intellectual" and falling asleep at an operatic performance? Or a symphony concert? Or being bored by ballet? I know men of brilliant intellect who regard ballet as a splendid diversion for old ladies and faggots, whose nerves are set on edge by Italian tenors, and fidget through symphony performances.

Washington, D.C. JOHN J. LINDSAY

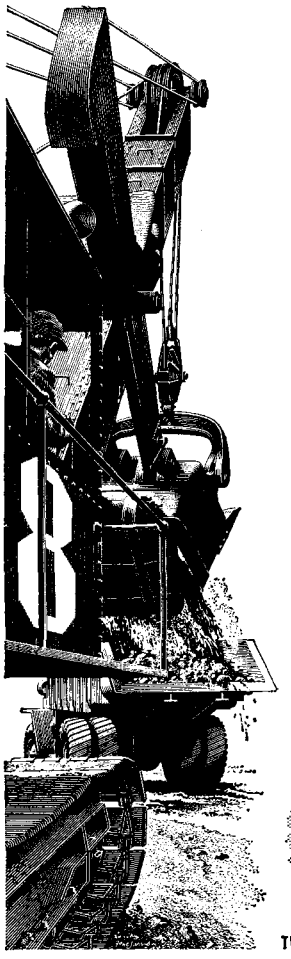
But who probably don't wish to be known as patrons of the arts. —ED.

Urban Planning

Russell Kirk's article on urban planning in the December 14 issue was just a beginning. . . . The modernist misvaluation of values has been so effective and far-reaching that something as "insignificant" as beauty is hardly given an afterthought.

Two points to bear in mind. First of all, for city planning to be truly beautiful, it must be part of a more comprehensive architectonic cultural synthesis. Hitherto despised tradition must be seen as an organic part of our own indigenous American architecture. Secondly, between the organic architecture of men such as Henry Hobson Richardson, Louis H. Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Erich Mendelssohn, and in our own day Lloyd Wright, Wesley Peters, and Bruce Goff—between the architecture created by these men and all the current fashions, there is no compromise. There just is no such thing as being "open-minded" about something that is not understood. Liberalism can talk a great deal about open-mindedness; in reality it is opposed to creativity.

New York, N.Y. FRITZ T. KAESER



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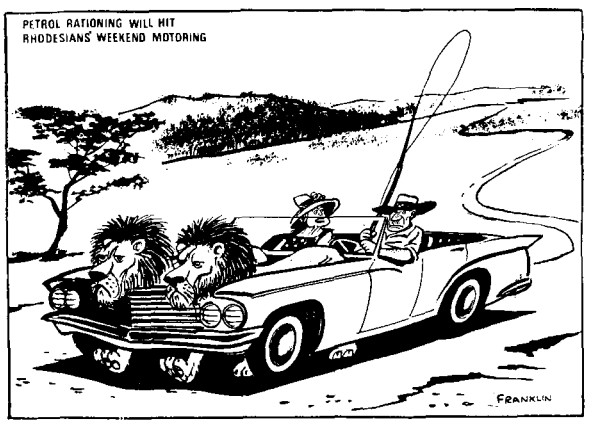
For The Record

Peace movement now edging into direct action politics. SANE, for instance, proposes massive "peace in Vietnam" demonstration over Easter week-end to focus on (hopefully—they hope—) 100,000 pledges to vote only for congressmen identified as peaceniks . . . A Committee for Independent Political Action in Berkeley has been set up to back congressional candidacy of Robert Scheer, foreign editor of bitter-left Ramparts Magazine and prominent member of Peace Establishment against Rep. Jeffrey Cohelan (D.). . . . Queens County Catholic War Veterans—largest chapter in the U.S.—has withdrawn invitation to Bobby Kennedy to be featured speaker in the spring because of his blood-to-the-Vietcong stand. Very hush-hush. . . . Anti-draft agitators now basing their case on the Nuremberg trials—to sign up to fight in Vietnam would be a "crime against humanity" etc. . . . Peace issue featuring in N.Y. race for John Lindsay's congressional seat. City Councilman Theodore Kupferman, leftish Republican candidate, trying to outpeacenik Democrat Orin Lehman, and finding the going tough. Conservative Party candidate Jeffrey St. John, Executive Editor of Report Magazine and up-and-coming radio commentator-TV moderator, favors hard line in Vietnam. Election will be February 8; polls, at this moment, favor Lehman.

Return of Congress set rumor mills to grinding anew. Most persistent Capitol Hill rumor has it that Dean Rusk (whose resignation has been predicted dozens of times) will be replaced at State by Arthur Goldberg (Goldberg's appointment to UN was taken by many to be sort of hurry-up course in diplomacy as introduction to Foggy Bottom assignment.). . . The nasties insist Presidential aide Jack Valenti was attached to Hubert Humphrey entourage during recent Far East tour to keep tabs on #2 for #1; others say it was to give Valenti some diplomatic how-to training. Valenti's ambition is to be ambassador to Rome. (He's even taking Italian lessons.) . . . Why was Humphrey's press secretary abruptly bounced a coupla weeks ago? Because Newsweek somehow got hold of interoffice memo on how to build up the Vice Presidential image. Sample sentence: "It can be done by mixing in your concern for the defense of life and people and principle with your love for them."

Tidbits for conservatives: Young Republicans will be holding their Leadership Training School in Washington, Feb. 2 through 6. For info: write Young Republican National Federation office, 1624 Eye Street N.W., Washington D.C. 20006. . . . The Conservative Library Association—founded in 1964—now second largest general association of librarians in the country. Its purpose: to distribute conservative materials to libraries. For info write: Bradford Harrison III, 458 Stevens Ave., Ridgewood, N.J. 07451.



Daily Mirror, England — Ben Roth Agency

"Remember the good old put a tiger in your tank days?"

Even the teller was amused when hold-up man in recent Oakland, California bank robbery quipped: "I'm helping fight President Johnson's war on poverty. I'm poor."

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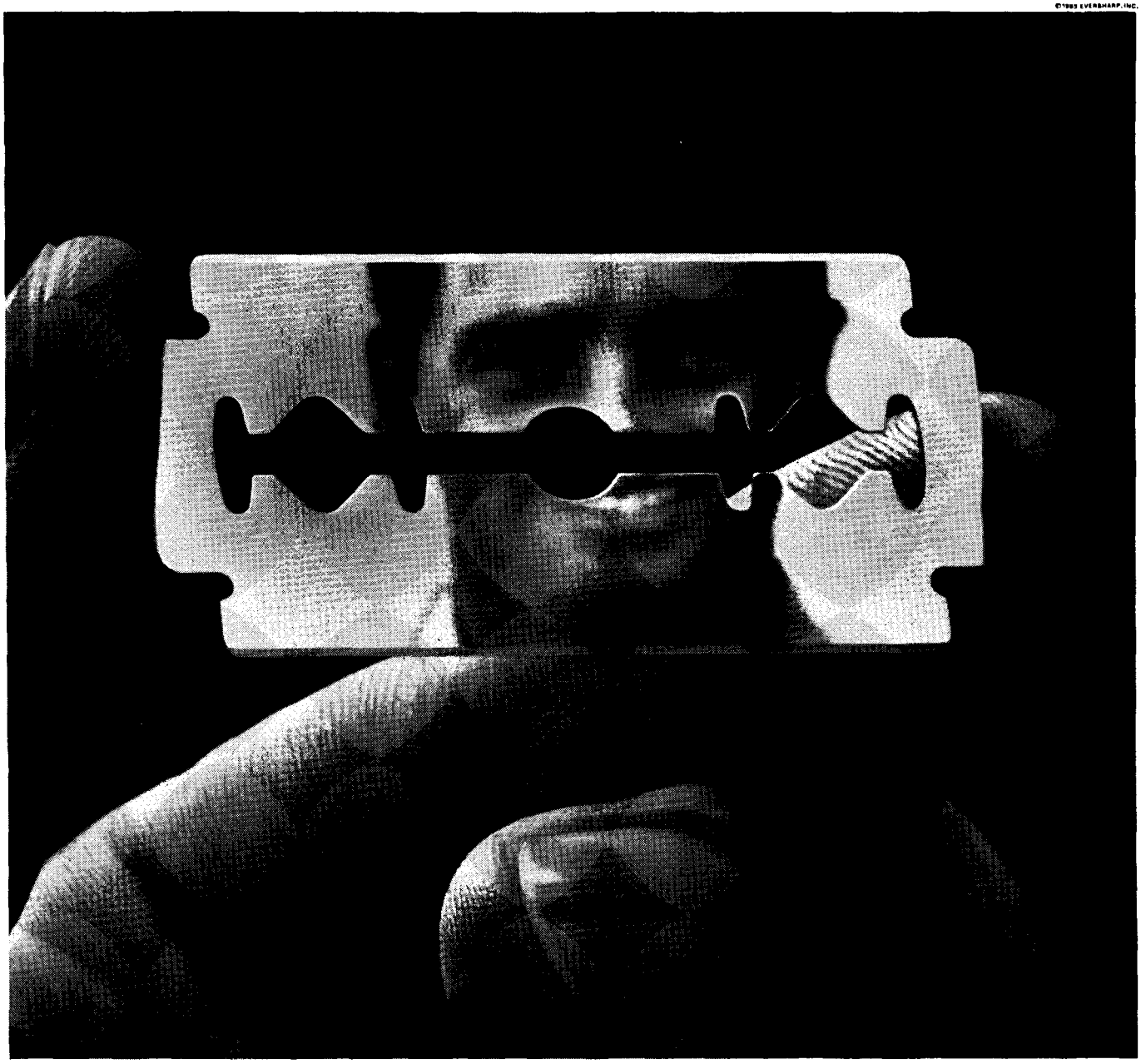

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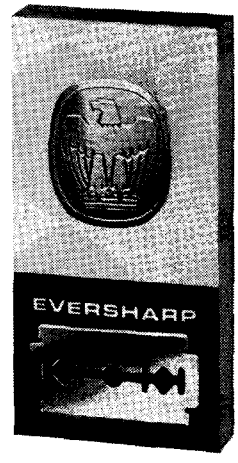

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